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THE
WORKS
OF
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
LORD BYRON.

PRINTED BY A. BELIN.

THE
WORKS
OF
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
LORD BYRON.

COMPREHENDING ALL HIS SUPPRESSED POEMS.

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT AND A SKETCH OF HIS
LORDSHIP'S LIFE.

VOL. VI.

*BEPPO A VENETIAN STORY.—ENGLISH
BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS
AND OTHER
SUPPRESSED POEMS,*

~~~~~  
SECOND EDITION.  
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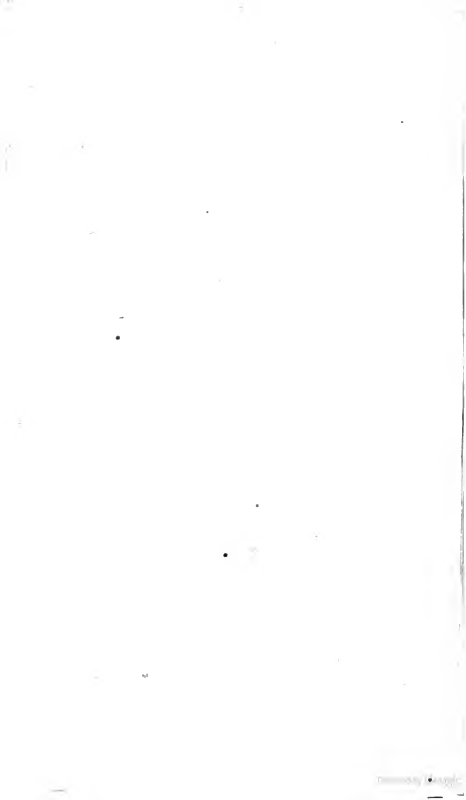
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BEPPO,
A VENETIAN STORY.

VOL. IV.

Y

ROSALIND. Farewell, Monsieur Traveller : Look, you lisp,
and wear strange suits ; disable all the benefits of your own
country ; be out of love with your Nativity, and almost chide
God for making you that countenance you are ; or I will scarce
think that you have swam in a GONDOLA.

AS YOU LIKE IT, ACT IV. SC. I.

Annotation of the Commentators.

That is, been at *Venice*, which was much visited by the
young English gentlemen of those times, and was then what
Paris is now—the seat of all dissoluteness. S. A.

BEPPO.

I.

'Tis known, at least it should be, that throughout
All countries of the Catholic persuasion,
Some weeks before Shrove Tuesday comes about,
The people take their fill of recreation,
And buy repentance, ere they grow devout,
However high their rank, or low their station,
With fiddling, feasting, dancing, drinking, mas-
quing,
And other things which may be had for asking.

II.

The moment night with dusky mantle covers
The skies (and the more duskily the better),
The time less liked by husbands than by lovers
Begins, and prudery flings aside her fetter;
And gaiety on restless tiptoe hovers,
Giggling with all the gallants who beset her;
And there are songs and quavers, roaring, humming,
Guitars, and every other sort of strumming.

III.

And there are dresses splendid, but fantastical,
Masks of all times and nations, Turks and Jews,
And harlequins and clowns, with feats gymnastical,
Greeks, Romans, Yankee-doodles, and Hindoos;
All kinds of dress, except the ecclesiastical,
All people, as their fancies hit, may choose,
But no one in these parts may quiz the clergy,
Therefore take heed, ye Freethinkers! I charge ye.

IV.

You'd better walk about begirt with briars,
Instead of coat and smallclothes, than put on
A single stitch reflecting upon friars,
Although you swore it only was in fun ;
They'd haul you o'er the coals, and stir the fires
Of Phlegethon with every mother's son,
Nor say one mass to cool the cauldron's bubble
That boiled your bones, unless you paid them
double.

V.

But saving this, you may put on whate'er
You like, by way of doublet, cape, or cloak,
Such as in Monmouth-street, or in Rag Fair,
Would rig you out in seriousness or joke ;

And even in Italy such places are
With prettier names in softer accents spoke,
For, bating Covent Garden, I can hit on
No place that's called « Piazza » in Great Britain.

VI.

This feast is named the Carnival, which being
Interpreted, implies « farewell to flesh : »
So call'd, because the name and thing agreeing,
Through Lent they live on fish both salt and fresh.
But why they usher Lent with so much glee in,
Is more than I can tell, although I guess
'Tis as we take a glass with friends at parting,
In the stage-coach or packet, just at starting.

VII.

And thus they bid farewell to carnal dishes,
And solid meats, and highly spic'd ragouts,
To live for forty days on ill-dress'd fishes,
Because they have no sauces to their stews,
A thing which causes many « poohs » and « pishes »,
And several oaths (which would not suit the
Muse),
From travellers accustom'd from a boy
To eat their salmon, at the least, with soy ;

VIII.

And therefore humbly I would recommend

«The curious in fish-sauce,» before they cross
The sea, to bid their cook, or wife, or friend,

Walk or ride to the Strand, and buy in gross
(Or if set out beforehand, these may send

By any means least liable to loss),
Ketchup, Soy, Chili-vinegar, and Harvey,
Or, by the Lord ! a Lent will well nigh starve ye ;

IX.

That is to say, if your religion's Roman,

And you at Rome would do as Romans do,
According to the proverb,—although no man,
If foreign, is oblig'd to fast ; and you,
If protestant, or sickly, or a woman,

Would rather dine in sin on a ragout—
Dine, and be d—d ! I don't mean to be coarse,
But that's the penalty, to say no worse.

X.

Of all the places where the Carnival

Was most facetious in the days of yore,
For dance, and song, and serenade, and ball,
And masque, and mime, and mystery, and more

Than I have time to tell now, or at all,
Venice the bell from every city bore,
And at the moment when I fix my story,
That sea-born city was in all her glory.

XI.

They've pretty faces yet, these same Venetians,
Black eyes, arch'd brows, and sweet expressions
still,
Such as of old were copied from the Grecians,
In ancient arts by moderns mimick'd ill ;
And like so many Venuses of Titian's
(The best's at Florence—see it, if ye will,)
They look when leaning over the balcony,
Or stepp'd from out a picture by Giorgione,

XII.

Whose tints are truth and beauty at their best ;
And when you to Manfrini's palace go,
That picture (howsoever fine the rest)
Is loveliest to my mind of all the show ;
It may perhaps be also to *your* zest,
And that's the cause I rhyme upon it so,
'Tis but a portrait of his son, and wife,
And self ; but *such* a woman ! love in life !

XIII.

Love in full life and length, not love ideal,
 No, nor ideal beauty, that fine name,
 But something better still, so very real,
 That the sweet model must have been the same;
 A thing that you would purchase, beg, or steal,
 Wer't not impossible, besides a shame :
 The face recalls some face, as 'twere with pain,
 You once have seen, but ne'er will see again ;

XIV.

One of those forms which flit by us, when we
 Are young, and fix our eyes on every face ;
 And, oh ! the loveliness at times we see
 In momentary gliding, the soft grace,
 The youth, the bloom, the beauty which agree,
 In many a nameless being we retrace,
 Whose course and home we knew not, nor shall
 know,
 Like the lost Pleiad * seen no more below.

XV.

I said that like a picture by Giorgione
 Venetian women were, and so they *are*,

* « Quæ septem dici sex tamen esse solent. » OVID.

Particularly seen from a balcony,
(For beauty's sometimes best set off afar)
And there, just like a heroine of Goldoni,
They peep from out the blind, or o'er the bar;
And, truth to say, they're mostly very pretty,
And rather like to show it, more's the pity!

XVI.

For glances beget ogles, ogles sighs,
Sighs wishes, wishes words, and words a letter,
Which flies on wings of light-heeled Mercuries,
Who do such things because they know no better;
And then, God knows what mischief may arise,
When love links two young people in one fetter,
Vile assignations, and adulterous beds,
Elopements, broken vows, and hearts, and heads.

XVII.

Shakespeare described the sex in Desdemona
As very fair, but yet suspect in fame,
And to this day from Venice to Verona
Such matters may be probably the same,
Except that since those times was never known a
Husband whom mere suspicion could inflame
To suffocate a wife no more than twenty,
Because she had a « cavalier servente. »

XVIII.

Their jealousy (if they are ever jealous)
Is of a fair complexion altogether,
Not like that sooty devil of Othello's
Which smothers women in a bed of feather,
But worthier of these much more jolly fellows,
When weary of the matrimonial tether
His head for such a wife no mortal bothers,
But takes at once another, or another's.

XIX.

Did'st ever see a gondola ? For fear
You should not, I'll describe it you exactly :
Tis a long covered boat that's common here,
Carved at the prow, built lightly, but compactly,
Rowed by two rowers, each called « Gondolier, »
It glides along the water looking blackly,
Just like a coffin clapt in a canoe,
Where none can make out what you say or do.

XX.

And up and down the long canals they go,
And under the Rialto shoot along,
By night and day, all paces, swift or slow,
And round the theatres, a sable throng,

They wait in their dusk livery of woe,
But not to them do woeful things belong,
For sometimes they contain a deal of fun,
Like mourning coaches when the funeral's done.

XXI.

But to my story.—'Twas some years ago,
It may be thirty, forty, more or less,
The carnival was at its height, and so
Were all kinds of buffoonery and dress;
A certain lady went to see the show,
Her real name I know not, nor can guess,
And so we'll call her Laura, if you please,
Because it slips into my verse with ease.

XXII.

She was not old, nor young, nor at the years
Which certain people call a "*certain age*,"
Which yet the most uncertain age appears,
Because I never heard, nor could engage
A person yet by prayers, or bribes, or tears,
To name, define by speech, or write on page,
The period meant precisely by that word,—
Which surely is exceedingly absurd.

XXIII.

Laura was blooming still, had made the best
Of time, and time returned the compliment,
And treated her genteelly, so that, drest,
She looked extremely well where'er she went :
A pretty woman is a welcome guest,
And Laura's brow a frown had rarely bent,
Indeed she shone all smiles, and seemed to flatter
Mankind with her black eyes for looking at her.

XXIV.

She was a married woman ; 'tis convenient,
Because in Christian countries 'tis a rule
To view their little slips with eyes more lenient ;
Whereas, if single ladies play the fool,
(Unless within the period intervenient,
A well-timed wedding makes the scandal cool)
I don't know how they ever can get over it,
Except they manage never to discover it.

XXV.

Her husband sailed upon the Adriatic,
And made some voyages, too, in other seas,
And when he lay in quarantine for pratique,
(A forty days' precaution 'gainst disease,)

His wife would mount, at times, her highest attic,
For thence she could discern the ship with ease:
He was a merchant trading to Aleppo,
His name Giuseppe, called more briefly, Beppo.*

XXVI.

He was a man as dusky as a Spaniard,
Sunburnt with travel, yet a portly figure;
Though coloured, as it were, within a tanyard,
He was a person both of sense and vigour—
A better seamen never yet did man yard:
And *she*, although her manners shewed no rigour,
Was deemed a woman of the strictest principle,
So much as to be thought almost invincible.

XXVII.

But several years elapsed since they had met;
Some people thought the ship was lost, and some
That he had somehow blundered into debt,
And did not like the thoughts of steering home;
And there were several offered any bet,
Or that he would, or that he would not come,
For most men (till by losing rendered sager,)
Will back their own opinions with a wager.

* Beppo is the *Joe* of the Italian *Joseph*.

XXVIII.

'Tis said that their last parting was pathetic,
 As partings often are, or ought to be,
 And their presentiment was quite prophetic
 That they should never more each other see,
 (A sort of morbid feeling, half poetic,
 Which I have known occur in two or three)
 When kneeling on the shore upon her sad knee,
 He left this Adriatic Ariadne.

XXIX.

And Laura waited long, and wept a little,
 And thought of wearing weeds, as well she might ;
 She almost lost all appetite for victual,
 And could not sleep with ease alone at night ;
 She deemed the window-frames and shutters brittle,
 Against a daring house-breaker or sprite,
 And so she thought it prudent to connect her
 With a vice-husband, *chiefly to protect her.*

XXX.

She chose, (and what is there they will not choose,
 If only you will but oppose their choice?)
 'Till Beppo should return from his long cruise,
 And bid once more her faithful heart rejoice,

A man some women like, and yet abuse—

A coxcomb was he by the public voice ;
A count of wealth, they said, as well as quality,
And in his pleasures of great liberality.

XXXI.

And then he was a count, and then he knew
Music, and dancing, fiddling, French and Tuscan ;
The last not easy, be it known to you,
For few Italians speak the right Etruscan.
He was a critic upon operas, too,
And knew all niceties of the sock and buskin ;
And no Venetian audience could endure a
Song, scene, or air, when he cried « seccatura. »

XXXII.

His « bravo » was decisive, for that sound
Hushed « academie, » sighed in silent awe ;
The fiddlers trembled as he looked around,
For fear of some false note's detected flaw.
The « prima donna's » tuneful heart would bound,
Dreading the deep damnation of his « bah ! »
Soprano, basso, even the contra-alto,
Wished him five fathom under the Rialto.

XXXIII.

He patroniz'd the Improvisatori,

Nay, could himself extemporize some stanzas,
Wrote rhymes, sang songs, could also tell a story,

Sold pictures, and was skilful in the dance as
Italians can be, though in this their glory

Must surely yield the palm to that which France
has;

In short, he was a perfect cavaliero,

And to his very valet seem'd a hero.

XXXIV.

Then he was faithful, too, as well as amorous;

So that no sort of female could complain,

Although they're now and then a little clamorous,

He never put the pretty souls in pain;

His heart was one of those which most enamour us,

Wax to receive, and marble to retain.

He was a lover of the good old school,

Who still become more constant as they cool.

XXXV.

No wonder such accomplishments should turn

A female head, however sage and steady—

With scarce a hope that Beppo could return,

In law he was almost as good as dead, he
 Nor sent, nor wrote, nor show'd the least concern,
 And she had waited several years already;
 And really if a man won't let us know
 That he's alive, he's *dead*, or should be so.

XXXVI.

Besides, within the Alps, to every woman
 (Although, God knows, it is a grievous sin,)
 'Tis, I may say, permitted to have *two* men;
 I can't tell who first brought the custom in,
 But « Cavalier Serventes » are quite common,
 And no one notices, nor cares a pin;
 And we may call this (not to say the worst)
 A *second* marriage which corrupts the *first*.

XXXVII.

The word was formerly a « Cicisbeo, »
 But *that* is now grown vulgar and indecent;
 The Spaniards call the person a *Cortejo**, »
 For the same mode subsists in Spain, though
 recent ;

* « Cortejo » is pronounced « Corteho, » with an aspirate,
 according to the Arabesque guttural. It means what there
 is as yet no precise name for in England, though the practice
 is as common as in any tramontane country whatever.

In short it reaches from the Po to Teio,
And may perhaps at last be o'er the sea sent.
But Heaven preserve Old England from such courses!
Or what becomes of damage and divorces?

XXXVIII.

However, I still think, with all due deference
To the fair *single* part of the Creation,
That married ladies should preserve the preference
In *tête-à-tête* or general conversation—
And this I say without peculiar reference
To England, France, or any other nation—
Because they know the world, and are at ease,
And being natural, naturally please.

XXXIX.

'Tis true, your budding Miss is very charming,
But shy and awkward at first coming out,
So much alarmed, that she is quite alarming,
All Giggle, Blush;—half, Pertness, and half Pout;
And glancing at *Mamma*, for fear there's harm in
What you, she, it, or they, may be about,
The Nursery still lisps out in all they utter—
Besides, they always smell of bread and butter.

XL.

But « Cavalier Servente » is the phrase
Used in politest circles to express
This supernumerary slave, who stays
Close to the lady as a part of dress,
Her word the only law which he obeys.

His is no sinecure, as you may guess ;
Coach, servants, gondola, he goes to call,
And carries fan, and tippet, gloves, and shawl.

XLI.

With all its sinful doings, I must say,
That Italy's a pleasant place to me,
Who love to see the Sun shine every day,
And vines (not nail'd to walls) from tree to tree
Festoon'd, much like the back scene of a play,
Or melodrame, which people flock to see,
When the first act is ended by a dance
In vineyards copied from the south of France.

XLII.

I like on Autumn evenjings to ride out,
Without being forc'd to bid my groom be sure
My cloak is round his middle strapp'd about,
Because the skies are not the most secure ;

I know too that, if stopp'd upon my route,
Where the green alleys windingly allure,
Reeling with *grapes* red waggons choke the way,—
In England 'twould be dung, dust, or a dray.

XLIII.

I also like to dine on becaficas,
To see the Sun set, sure he'll rise to-morrow,
Not through a misty morning twinkling weak as
A drunken man's dead eye in maudlin sorrow,
But with all Heaven t'himself; that day will break as
Beauteous as cloudless, nor be forc'd to borrow
That sort of farthing candlelight which glimmers
Where reeking London's smoky cauldron simmers.

XLIV.

I love the language, that soft bastard Latin,
Which melts like kisses from a female mouth,
And sounds as if it should be writ on satin,
With syllables which breathe of the sweet South,
And gentle liquids gliding all so pat in,
That not a single accent seems uncouth,
Like our harsh northern whistling, grunting gut-
tural,
Which we're oblig'd to hiss, and spit, and sputter all.

XLV.

I like the women too (forgive my folly),
 From the rich peasant-cheek of ruddy bronze,
 And large black eyes that flash on you a volley
 Of rays that say a thousand things at once,
 To the high dama's brow, more melancholy,
 But clear, and with a wild and liquid glance;
 Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes,
 Soft as her clime, and sunny as her skies.

XLVI.

Eve of the land which still is Paradise !
 Italian beauty ! didst thou not inspire
 Raphael*, who died in thy embrace, and vies
 With all we know of Heaven, or can desire,
 In what he hath bequeath'd us ?—in what guise,
 Though flashing from the fervour of the lyre,
 Would *words* describe thy past and present glow,
 While yet Canova can create below † ?

* For the received accounts of the cause of Raphael's death,
 see his Lives.

* † *Note.*

(In talking thus, the writer, more especially
 Of women, would be understood to say,
 He speaks as a spectator, not officially,
 And always, reader, in a modest way ;

Perhaps

XLVII.

« England ! with all thy faults I love thee still, »
 I said at Calais, and have not forgot it ;
 I like to speak and lucubrate my fill ;
 I like the government (but that is not it) ;
 I like the freedom of the press and quill ;
 I like the Habeas Corpus (when we've got it) ;
 I like a parliamentary debate,
 Particularly when 'tis not too late ;

XLVIII.

I like the taxes, when they're not too many ;
 I like a seacoal fire, when not too dear ;
 I like a beef-steak, too, as well as any ;
 Have no objection to a pot of beer ;
 I like the weather, when it is not rainy,
 That is, I like two months of every year.
 And so God save the Regent, Church, and King !
 Which means that I like all and every thing.

Perhaps, too, in no very great degree shall he
 Appear to have offended in this lay,
 Since, as all know, without the sex, our sonnets
 Would seem unfinish'd like their untrimm'd bonnets.)
 (Signed) PRINTER'S DEVIL.

XLIX.

Our standing army, and disbanded seamen,
Poor's rate, Reform, my own, the nation's debt,
Our little riots just to show we are free men,
Our trifling bankruptcies in the Gazette,
Our cloudy climate, and our chilly women,
All these I can forgive, and those forget,
And greatly venerate our recent glories,
And wish they were not owing to the Tories.

L.

But to my tale of Laura,—for I find
Digression is a sin, that by degrees
Becomes exceeding tedious to my mind,
And, therefore, may the reader too displease—
The gentle reader, who may wax unkind,
And caring little for the author's ease,
Insist on knowing what he means, a hard
And hapless situation for a bard.

LI.

Oh that I had the art of easy writing
What should be easy reading! could I scale
Parnassus, where the Muses sit inditing
Those pretty poems never known to fail,

How quickly would I print (the world delighting)
A Grecian, Syrian, or Assyrian tale;
And sell you, mix'd with western sentimentalism ,
Some samples of the finest Orientalism.

LII.

But I am but a nameless sort of person,
(A broken Dandy lately on my travels)
And take for rhyme, to hook my rambling verse on,
The first that Walker's Lexicon unravels,
And when I can't find that, I put a worse on,
Not caring as I ought for critics' cavils ;
I've half a mind to tumble down to prose,
But verse is more in fashion—so here goes

LIII.

The Count and Laura made their new arrangement,
Which lasted, as arrangements sometimes do,
For half a dozen years without estrangement ;
They had their little differences, too ;
Those jealous whiffs, which never any change meant :
In such affairs there probably are few
Who have not had this pouting sort of squabble,
From sinners of high station to the rabble.

. : LIV.

But on the whole, they were a happy pair,
As happy as unlawful love could make them;
The gentleman was fond, the lady fa'r,
Their chains so slight, 'twas not worth while to
break them :

The world beheld them with indulgent air ;
The pious only wish'd « the devil take them ! »
He took them not ; he very often waits,
And leaves old sinners to be young ones' baits.

LV.

But they were young: Oh ! what without our youth
Would love be ! What would youth be without
love !

Youth lends it joy, and sweetness, vigour, truth,
Heart, soul, and all that seems as from above ;
But, languishing with years, it grows uncouth—
One of few things experience don't improve,
Which is, perhaps, the reason why old fellows
Are always so preposterously jealous.

LVI.

It was the Carnival, as I have said
Some six and thirty stanzas back, and so

Laura the usual preparations made,

Which you do when your mind's made up to go
To-night to Mrs. Boehm's masquerade,
Spectator, or partaker in the show;
The only difference known between the cases
Is—*here*, we have six weeks of « varnished faces. »

LVII.

Laura, when drest, was (as I sang before)
A pretty woman as was ever seen,
Fresh as the Angel o'er a new inn door,
Or frontispiece of a new Magazine,
With all the fashions which the last month wore,
Coloured, and silver paper leav'd between
That and the title-page, for fear the press
Should soil with parts of speech the parts of dress.

LVIII.

They went to the Ridotto; —'tis a hall
Where people dance, and sup, and dance again;
Its proper name, perhaps, were a masqu'd ball,
But that's of no importance to my strain;
'Tis (on a smaller scale) like our Vauxhall,
Excepting that it can't be spoilt by rain:
The company is « mix'd » (the phrase I quote is,
As much as saying, they're below your notice);

LIX.

For a « mixt company » implies that, save
Yourself and friends, and half a hundred more,
Whom you may bow to without looking grave,
The rest are but a vulgar set, the bore
Of public places, where they basely brave
The fashionable stare of twenty score
Of well-bred persons, called « *the World* ; » but I,
Although I know them, really don't know why.

LX.

This is the case in England ; at least was
During the dynasty of Dandies, now
Perchance succeeded by some other class
Of imitated imitators : — how
Irreparably soon decline, alas !
The demagogues of fashion : all below
Is frail ; how easily the world is lost
By love, or war, and now and then by frost !

LXI.

Crush'd was Napoleon by the northern Thor,
Who knock'd his army down with icy hammer,
Stopp'd by the *elements*, like a whaler, or
A blundering novice in his new French grammar ;

Good cause had he to doubt the chance of war,
And as for Fortune—but I dare not d—n her,
Because, were I to ponder to infinity,
The more I should believe in her divinity.

LXII.

She rules the present, past, and all to be yet,
She gives us luck in lotteries, love, and marriage;
I cannot say that she's done much for me yet;
Not that I mean her bounties to disparage,
We've not yet clos'd accounts, and we shall see yet
How much she'll make amends for past miscarriage;
Meantime the goddess I'll no more importune,
Unless to thank her when she's made my fortune.

LXIII.

To turn,—and to return;—the devil take it!
This story slips for ever through my fingers,
Because, just as the stanza likes to make it,
It needs must be—and so it rather lingers;
'This form of verse began, I can't well break it,
But must keep time and tune like public singers;
But if I once get through my present measure,
I'll take another when I'm next at leisure.

LXIV.

They went to the Ridotto ('tis a place
To which I mean to go myself to-morrow,
Just to divert my thoughts a little space,
Because I'm rather hippish, and may borrow
Some spirits, guessing at what kind of face
May lurk beneath each mask, and as my sorrow
Slackens its pace sometimes, I'll make, or find,
Something shall leave it half an hour behind.)

LXV.

Now Laura moves along the joyous crowd,
Smiles in her eyes, and simpers on her lips;
To some she whispers, others speaks aloud;
To some she curtsies, and to some she dips,
Complains of warmth, and this complaint avow'd,
Her lover brings the lemonade, she sips;
She then surveys, condemns, but pities still
Her dearest friends for being drest so ill.

LXVI.

One has false curls, another too much paint,
A third—where did she buy that frightful turban?
A fourth's so pale she fears she's going to faint,
A fifth's look's vulgar, dowdyish, and suburban,

A sixth's white silk has got a yellow taint,
A seventh's thin muslin surely will be her bane,
And lo ! an eighth appears,— « I'll see no more ! »
For fear, like Banquo's kings, they reach a score.

LXVII.

Mean time, while she was thus at others gazing,
Others were levelling their looks at her ;
She heard the men's half-whispered mode of praising,
And, till t'was done, determined not to stir ;
The women only thought it quite amazing
That at her time of life so many were
Admirers still,—but men are so debased,
Those brazen creatures always suit their taste.

LXVIII.

For my part, now, I ne'er could understand
Why naughty women—— but I won't discuss
A thing which is a scandal to the land,
I only don't see why it should be thus ;
And if I were but in a gown and band,
Just to entitle me to make a fuss,
I'd preach on this till Wilberforce and Romilly
Should quote in their next speeches from my homily.

LXIX.

While Laura thus was seen and seeing, smiling,
Talking, she knew not why and cared not what,
So that her female friends, with envy broiling,
Beheld her airs and triumph, and all that ;
And well drest males still kept before her filing,
And passing bowed and mingled with her chat ;
More than the rest one person seemed to stare
With pertinacity that's rather rare.

LXX.

He was a Turk, the colour of mahogany ;
And Laura saw him, and at first was glad,
Because the Turks so much admire philogyny,
Although their usage of their wives is sad ;
'Tis said they use no better than a dog any
Poor woman, whom they purchase like a pad :
They have a number, though they ne'er exhibit 'em,
Four wives by law, and concubines « ad libitum. »

LXXI.

They lock them up, and veil, and guard them daily,
They scarcely can behold their male relations,
So that their moments do not pass so gaily
As is supposed the case with northern nations ;

Confinement, too, must make them look quite palely:

And as the Turks abhor long conversations,
Their days are either past in doing nothing,
Or bathing, nursing, making love, and clothing.

LXXII.

They cannot read, and so don't lisp in criticism ;

Nor write, and so they don't affect the muse ;

Were never caught in epigram or witticism,

Have no romances, sermons, plays, reviews,—

In harams learning soon would make a pretty schism !

But luckily these beauties are no « blues, »

No bustling Botherbys have they to show 'em

« That charming passage in the last new poem. »

LXXIII.

No solemn, antique gentleman of rhyme,

Who having angled all his life for fame,

And getting but a nibble at a time,

Still fussily keeps fishing on, the same

Small « Triton of the minnows, » the sublime

Of mediocrity, the furious tame,

The echo's echo, usher of the school

Of female wits, boy bards—in short, a fool !

LXXIV.

A stalking oracle of awful phrase,
The approving « *Good!* » (by no means good in law)
Humming like flies around the newest blaze,
The bluest of bluebottles you e'er saw,
Teasing with blame, excruciating with praise,
Gorging the little fame he gets all raw,
Translating tongues he knows not even by letter,
And sweating plays so middling, bad were better.

LXXV.

One hates an author, that's *all* author, fellows
In foolscap uniforms turned up with ink,
So very anxious, clever, fine, and jealous,
One don't know what to say to them, or think,
Unless to puff them with a pair of bellows;
Of coxcombry's worst coxcombs e'en the pink
Are preferable to these shreds of paper,
These unquenched snuffings of the midnight taper.

LXXVI.

Of these same we see several, and of others,
Men of the world, who know the world like men,
S—t, R—s, M—re, and all the better brothers,
Who think of something else besides the pen;

But for the children of the « mighty mother's, »
The would-be wits and can't-be gentlemen,
I leave them to their daily « tea is ready, »
Smug coterie, and literary lady.

LXXVII.

The poor dear Mussulwomen whom I mention
Have none of these instructive pleasant people,
And *one* would seem to them a new invention,
Unknown as bells within a Turkish steeple ;
I think 'twould almost be worth while to pension
(Though best-sown projects very often reap ill)
A missionary author, just to preach
Our Christian usage of the parts of speech.

LXXVIII.

No chemistry for them unfolds her gasses,
No metaphysics are let loose in lectures,
No circulating library amasses
Religious novels, moral tales, and strictures
Upon the living manners, as they pass us ;
No exhibition glares with annual pictures ;
They stare not on the stars from out their attics,
Nor deal (thank God for that !) in mathematics.

LXXIX.

Why I thank God for that is no great matter,
I have my reasons, you no doubt suppose,
And as, perhaps, they would not highly flatter,
I'll keep them for my life (to come) in prose;
I fear I have a little turn for satire,
And yet methinks the older that one grows
Inclines us more to laugh than scold, though laughter
Leaves us so doubly serious shortly after.

LXXX.

Oh, Mirth and Innocence! Oh, Milk and Water!
Ye happy mixtures of more happy days!
In these sad centuries of sin and slaughter,
Abominable Man no more allays
His thirst with such pure beverage. No matter,
I love you both, and both shall have my praise:
Oh, for old Saturn's reign of sugar-candy!—
Meantime I drink to your return in brandy.

LXXXI.

Our Laura's Turk still kept his eyes upon her,
Less in the Mussulman than Christian way,
Which seems to say, « Madam, I do you honour,
And while I please to stare, you'll please to stay; »

Could staring win a woman, this had won her,
But Laura could not thus be led astray,
She had stood fire too long and well, to boggle
Even at this stranger's most outlandish ogle.

LXXXII.

The morning now was on the point of breaking,
A turn of time at which I would advise
Ladies who have been dancing, or partaking
In any other kind of exercise,
To make their preparations for forsaking
The ball-room ere the sun begins to rise,
Because when once the lamps and candles fail,
His blushes make them look a little pale.

LXXXIII.

I've seen some balls and revels in my time,
And staid them over for some silly reason,
And then I looked, (I hope it was no crime,)
To see what lady best stood out the season ;
And though I've seen some thousands in their prime,
Lovely and pleasing, and who still may please on,
I never saw but one, (the stars withdrawn,)
Whose bloom could after dancing dare the dawn.

LXXXIV.

The name of this Aurora I'll not mention,
Although I might, for she was nought to me
More than that patent work of God's invention,
A charming woman, whom we like to see;
But writing names would merit reprehension,
Yet if you like to find out this fair *she*,
At the next London or Parisian ball
You still may mark her cheek, out-blooming all.

LXXXV.

Laura, who knew it would not do at all
To meet the daylight after seven hours sitting
Among three thousand people at a ball,
To make her curtsey thought it right and fitting;
The count was at her elbow with her shawl,
And they the room were on the point of quitting,
When lo! those cursed gondoliers had got
Just in the very place where they *should not*.

LXXXVI.

In this they're like our coachmen, and the cause
Is much the same—the crowd, and pulling, hauling,
With blasphemies enough to break their jaws,
They make a never intermitted bawling.

At home, our Bow-street gemmen keep the laws,
 And here a sentry stands within your calling ;
 But, for all that, there is a deal of swearing,
 And nauseous words past mentioning or bearing.

LXXXVII.

The Count and Laura found their boat at last,
 And homeward floated o'er the silent tide,
 Discussing all the dances gone and past ;
 The dancers and their dresses, too, beside ;
 Some little scandals eke : but all aghast
 (As to their palace stairs the rowers glide,)
 Sate Laura by the side of her Adorer,
 When lo ! the Mussulman was there before her.

LXXXVIII.

« Sir, » said the Count, with brow exceeding grave,
 « Your unexpected presence here will make
 « It necessary for myself to crave
 « Its import ? But perhaps 'tis a mistake ;
 « I hope it is so ; and at once to wave
 « All compliment, I hope so for *your* sake ;
 « You understand my meaning, or you *shall*. »
 « Sir, » (quoth the Turk) « 'tis no mistake at all.

LXXXIX.

“ That lady is *my wife* ! ” Much wonder paints
The lady’s changing cheek, as well it might ;
But where an Englishwoman sometimes faints,
Italian females don’t do so outright ;
They only call a little on their saints,
And then come to themselves, almost or quite ;
Which saves much hartshorn, salts, and sprinkling
faces,
And cutting stays, as usual in such cases.

XC.

She said,—what could she say ? Why not a word :
But the Count courteously invited in
The stranger, much appeased by what he heard :
“ Such things perhaps, we’d best discuss within, ”
Said he, “ don’t let us make ourselves absurd
“ In public, by a scene, nor raise a din,
“ For then the chief and only satisfaction
“ Will be much quizzing on the whole transaction.”

XCI.

They entered, and for coffee called,—it came,
A beverage for Turks and Christians both,
Although the way they make it’s not the same.

Now Laura, much recovered, or less loth
To speak, cries «Beppo ! what's your pagan name ?

« Bless me ! your beard is of amazing growth !

« And how came you to keep away so long ?

« Are you not sensible 'twas very wrong ?

XCII.

« And are you *really, truly*, now a Turk ?

« With any other women did you wive ?

« Is't true they use their fingers for a fork ?

« Well, that's the prettiest shawl—as I'm alive !

« You'll give it me ? They say you eat no pork.

« And how so many years did you contrive

« To—Bless me ! did I ever ? No, I never

« Saw a man grown so yellow ! How's your liver ?

XCIII.

« Beppo ! that beard of yours becomes you not ;

« It shall be shaved before you're a day older ;

« Why do you wear it ? Oh ! I had forgot—

« Pray don't you think the weather here is colder ?

« How do I look ? You shan't stir from this spot

« In that queer dress, for fear that some beholder

« Should find you out, and make the story known.

« How short your hair is ! Lord ! how grey it's grown ! »

XCIV.

What answer Beppo made to these demands,
Is more than I know. He was cast away
About where Troy stood once, and nothing stands;
Became a slave of course, and for his pay
Had bread and bastinadoes, till some bands
Of pirates landing in a neighbouring bay,
He joined the rogues and prospered, and became
A renegado of indifferent fame.

XCV.

But he grew rich, and with his riches grew so
Keen the desire to see his home again,
He thought himself in duty bound to do so,
And not be always thieving on the main;
Lonely he felt, at times, as Robin Crusoe,
And so he hired a vessel come from Spain,
Bound for Corfu; she was a fine polacca,
Manned with twelve hands, and laden with tobacco.

CVI.

Himself, and much (heaven knows how gotten) cash,
He then embarked, with risk of life and limb,
And got clear off, although the attempt was rash;
He said that *Providence* protected him—

For my part, I say nothing, lest we clash

In our opinions :—well, the ship was trim,
Set sail, and kept her reckoning fairly on,
Except three days of calm when off Cape Bonn.

XC VII.

They reached the island, he transferred his lading,
And self and live-stock, to another bottom,
And pass'd for a true Turkey-merchant, trading
With goods of various names, but I've forgot 'em.
However, he got off by this evading,

Or else the people would perhaps have shot him;
And thus at Venice landed to reclaim
His wife, religion, house, and Christian name.

XC VIII.

His wife received, the patriarch re-baptized him,
(He made the church a present by the way);
He then threw off the garments which disguised
him,

And borrowed the Count's small-clothes for a day:
His friends the more for his long absence prized him,
Finding he'd wherewithal to make them gay,
With dinners, where he oft became the laugh of
them,

For stories,—but *I* don't believe the half of them.

XCIX.

Whate'er his youth had suffered, his old age
With wealth and talking made him some amends;
Though Laura sometimes put him in a rage,
I've heard the Count and he were always friends.
My pen is at the bottom of a page,
Which being finished, here the story ends;
'Tis to be wished it had been sooner done,
But stories somehow lengthen when begun.

**SUPPRESSED
POEMS,**

ENGLISH BARDS,
AND
SCOTCH REVIEWERS;
A SATIRE.

I had rather be a kitten, and cry, mew!
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers.

Shakespeare.

Such shameless Bards we have; and yet 'tis true,
There are as mad, abandon'd Critics too.

Pope.

PREFACE.*

ALL my friends, learned and unlearned, have urged me not to publish this Satire with my name. If I were to be « turn'd from the career of my humour by quibbles quick, and paper bullets of the brain, » I should have complied with their counsel. But I am not to be terrified by abuse, or bullied by reviewers, with or without arms. I can safely say that I have attacked none *personally* who did not commence on the offensive. An Author's works are public property: he who purchases may judge, and publish his opinion if he pleases; and the Authors I have endeavoured to commemorate may do by me as I have done by them: I dare say they will succeed better in condemning my scribblings, than in mending their own. But my object is not to prove that I can write well, but, *if possible*, to make others write better.

As the Poem has met with far more success than

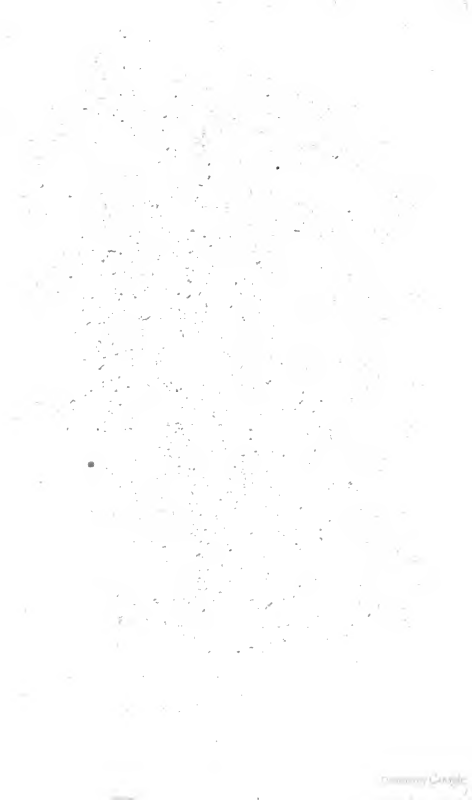
* This Preface was written for the second edition of this Poem, and printed with it.

I expected, I have endeavoured in this Edition to make some additions and alterations to render it more worthy of public perusal.

In the First Edition of this Satire, published anonymously, fourteen lines on the subject of Bowles's Pope were written and inserted at the request of an ingenious friend of mine, who has now in the press a volume of Poetry. In the present Edition they are erased, and some of my own substituted in their stead; my only reason for this being that which I conceive would operate with any other person in the same manner: a determination not to publish with my name any production which was not entirely and exclusively my own composition.

With regard to the real talents of many of the poetical persons whose performances are mentioned, or alluded to in the following pages, it is presumed, by the Author that there can be little difference of opinion in the Public at large; though, like other sectaries, each has his separate tabernacle of proselytes, by whom his abilities are overrated, his faults overlooked, and his metrical canons received

without scruple and without consideration. But the unquestionable possession of considerable genius by several of the writers here censured, renders their mental prostitution more to be regretted. Imbecility may be pitied, or, at worst, laughed at and forgotten; perverted powers demand the most decided reprehension. No one can wish more than the Author, that some known and able writer had undertaken their exposure, but Mr. GIFFORD has devoted himself to Massinger, and in the absence of the regular physician, a country practitioner, may in cases of absolute necessity, be allowed to prescribe his nostrum to prevent the extension of so deplorable an epidemic, provided there be no quackery in his treatment of the malady. Acaustic is here offered, as it is to be feared nothing short of actual cautery can recover the numerous patients afflicted with the present prevalent and distressing *rabies* for rhyming.—As to the *Edinburgh Reviewers*, it would, indeed, require a Hercules to crush the Hydra; but if the Author succeeds in merely « bruising one of the heads of the serpent, » though his own hand should suffer in the encounter, he will be amply satisfied.



ENGLISH BARDS,
AND
SCOTCH REVIEWERS.

STILL must I hear?—shall hoarse * FITZGERALD
bawl

His creaking couplets in a tavern hall,
And I not sing, lest, haply, Scotch Reviews
Should dub me Scribbler, and denounce my Muse?
Prepare for rhyme—I'll publish, right or wrong :
Fools are my theme, let Satire be my song.

* IMITATION.

« Semper ego auditor tantum? nunquamne reponam
« Vexatus toties rauci Theseide Codri?

Juvenal, Satire I.

Mr. FITZGERALD, facetiously termed by COBBETT the « Small Beer Poet, » inflicts his annual tribute of verse on the « Literary Fund »; not content with writing, he spouts in person, after the company have imbibed a reasonable quantity of bad port, to enable them to sustain the operation.

Oh ! Nature's noblest gift—my grey goose-quill !
 Slave of my thoughts, obedient to my will,
 Torn from thy parent bird to form a pen,
 That mighty instrument of little men ! 10
 The pen ! foredoomed to aid the mental throes
 Of brains that labour, big with Verse or Prose,
 Though Nymphs forsake, and Critics may deride
 The Lover's solace, and the Author's pride :
 What Wits ! what Poets dost thou daily raise !
 How frequent is thy use, how small thy praise !
 Condemned at length to be forgotten quite,
 With all the pages which 'twas thine to write.
 But thou, at least, mine own especial pen !
 Once laid aside but now assumed again, 20
 Our task complete, like Hamet's * shall be free ;
 Tho' spurned by others, yet beloved by me :
 Then let us soar to-day ; no common theme,
 No Eastern vision, no distempered dream
 Inspires—our path, though full of thorns, is plain ;
 Smooth be the verse, and easy be the strain.

* CID HAMET BENENGELI promises repose to his pen in the last chapter of DON QUIXOTE. Oh ! that our voluminous gentry would follow the example of CID HAMET BENENGELI !

When Vice triumphant holds her sov'reign sway,
And men through life her willing slaves obey;
When Folly, frequent harbinger of crime,
Unfolds her motley store to suit the time; 30
When Knaves and Fools combined o'er all prevail,
When Justice halts, and Right begins to fail,
E'en then the boldest start from public sneers,
Afraid of Shame, unknown to other fears,
More darkly sin, by Satire kept in awe,
And shrink from Ridicule though not from Law.

Such is the force of Wit ! but not belong
To me the arrows of satiric song;
The royal vices of our age demand
A keener weapon, and a mightier hand. 40
Still there are follies e'en for me to chace,
And yield at least amusement in the race :
Laugh when I laugh, I seek no other fame,
The cry is up, and Scribblers are my game :
Speed, Pegasus !—ye strains of great and small,
Ode ! Epic ! Elegy, have at you all !
I, too, can scrawl, and once upon a time
I poured along the town a flood of rhyme,

A school-boy freak, unworthy praise or blame ;
I printed—older children do the same. 50
'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print ;
A Book's a Book, altho' there's nothing in't.
Not that a Title's sounding charm can save
Or scrawl or scribbler from an equal grave :
This LAMBE must own, since his Patrician name
Failed to preserve the spurious Farce from shame.*
No matter, GEORGE continues still to write†,
Tho' now the name is veiled from public sight.
Moved by the great example I pursue
The self-same road, but make my own review : 60
Not seek great JEFFREY's, yet, like him, will be
Self-constituted Judge of Poesy.

A man must serve his time to every trade,
Save Censure—Critics all are ready made.
Take hackneyed jokes from MILLER, got by rote,
With just enough of learning to misquote ;
A mind well skilled to find or forge a fault,
A turn for punning, call it Attic salt ;

* This ingenious youth is mentioned more particularly, with his production, in another place.

† In the EDINBURGH REVIEW.

To JEFFREY go, be silent and discreet,
 His pay is just ten sterling pounds per sheet : 70
 Fear not to lie, 'twill seem a lucky hit;
 Shrink not from blasphemy, 'twill pass for wit;
 Care not for feeling—pass your proper jest,
 And stand a Critic hated, yet caressed.

And shall we own such judgment? no—as soon
 Seek roses in December, ice in June;
 Hope constancy in wind, or corn in chaff;
 Believe a woman, or an epitaph,
 Or any other thing that's false, before
 You trust in Critics who themselves are sore; 80
 Or yield one single thought to be misled
 By JEFFREY's heart, or LAMBE's Bœotian head*.

To these young tyrants †, by themselves mis-
 placed,
 Combined usurpers on the throne of Taste;
 To these when Authors bend in humble awe,

* Messrs. JEFFREY and LAMBE are the Alpha and Omega,
 the first and last of the Edinburgh Review; the others are
 mentioned hereafter.

† « Stulta est Clementia, cum tot ubique

« ———occurras perituræ parce chartæ.

Juvenal, Sat. 1.

And hail their voice as Truth, their word as Law;
 While these are Censors, 'twould be sin to spare;
 While such are Critics, why should I forbear?
 But yet so near all modern worthies run,
 'Tis doubtful whom to seek, or whom to shun; go
 Nor know we when to spare, or where to strike,
 Our Bards and Censors are so much alike.

* Then should you ask me, why I venture o'er
 The path which POPE and GIFFORD trod before:
 If not yet sickened, you can still proceed;
 Go on; my rhyme will tell you as you read.

Time was, ere yet in these degenerate days
 Ignoble themes obtained mistaken praise,
 When Sense and Wit with Poesy allied,
 No fabled Graces, flourished side by side, 100
 From the same fount their inspiration drew,
 And, reared by Taste, bloomed fairer as they grew.
 Then, in this happy Isle, a POPE's pure strain
 Sought the rapt soul to charm, nor sought in vain;

* IMITATION.

« Cur tamen hoc potius libeat decurrere campo

« Per quem magnus equos Auruncæ flexit alumnus :

« Si vacat, et placidi rationem admittitis, edam. »

Juvenal. S. 1.

A polished nation's praise aspired to claim,
 And raised the people's, as the poet's fame.
 Like him great DRYDEN poured the tide of song,
 In stream less smooth, indeed, yet doubly strong.
 Then CONGREVE'S scenes could cheer, or OTWAY'S
 melt ;

For Nature then an English audience felt— 110
 But why these names, or greater still, retrace,
 When all to feebler Bards resign their place?
 Yet to such times our lingering looks are cast,
 When Taste and Reason with those times are past.
 Now look around, and turn each trifling page,
 Survey the precious works that please the age;
 This truth at least let Satire's self allow,
 No dearth of Bards can be complained of now :
 The loaded Press beneath her labour groans,
 And Printers' devils shake their weary bones, 120
 While SOUTHEY'S Epics cram the creaking shelves,
 And LITTLE'S Lyrics shine in hot-pressed twelves.

Thus saith the Preacher* ; « nought beneath the
 sun

« Is new, » yet still from change to change we run :

* « Ecclesiastes », Cap. I.

What varied wonders tempt us as they pass!
 The Cow-pox, Tractors, Galvanism, and Gas
 In turns appear to make the vulgar stare,
 Till the swoln bubble bursts—and all is air!
 Nor less new schools of poetry arise,
 Where dull pretenders grapple for the prize: 130
 O'er Taste awhile these Pseudo-bards prevail;
 Each country Book-club bows the knee to Baal,
 And, hurling lawful Genius from the throne,
 Erects a shrine and idol of its own;
 Some leaden calf—but whom it matters not,
 From soaring SOUTHEY down to groveling STOTT*.

* STOTT, better known in the « Morning Post » by the name of HAFIZ. This personage is at present the most profound explorer of the Bathos. I remember, to the reigning family of Portugal, a special ode of Master STOTT's beginning thus :

(Stott loquitur quoad Hibernia.)

« Princely offspring of Braganza,

« Erin greets thee with a Stanza, etc. etc. »

Also a sonnet to Rats, well worthy of the subject, and a most thundering ode, commencing as follows :

« Oh ! for a Lay ! loud as the surge

« That lashes Lapland's sounding shore. »

Lord have mercy on us ! the « Lay of the last Minstrel » was nothing to this.

Behold ! in various throngs the scribbling crew,
 For notice eager, pass in long review :
 Each spurs his jaded Pegasus apace,
 And Rhyme and Blank maintain an equal race ;
 Sonnets on sonnets crowd, and ode on ode ; 141
 And Tales of Terror jostle on the road ;
 Immeasurable measures move along ;
 For simpering Folly loves a varied song,
 To strange mysterious Dullness still the friend,
 Admires the strain she cannot comprehend.
 Thus Lays of Minstrels*—may they be the last !—
 On half-strung harps whine mournful to the blast,

* See the « Lay of the Last Minstrel, » *passim*. Never was any plan so incongruous and absurd as the ground-work of this production. The entrance of Thunder and Lightning prologuising to Bayes' Tragedy, unfortunately takes away the merit of originality from the dialogue between Messieurs the Spirits of Flood and Fell in the first canto. Then we have the amiable William of Deloraine, « a stark moss-trooper, » videlicet, a happy compound of poacher, sheep-stealer, and highwayman. The propriety of his magical lady's injunction not to read can only be equalled by his candid acknowledgment of his independence of the trammels of spelling, although, to use his own elegant phrase, « 'twas his neck-verse at hairibee, » i. e. the gallows.

The biography of Gilpin Horner, and the marvellous pedestrian page, who travelled twice as fast as his master's

While mountain spirits prate to river sprites,
That dames may listen to their sound at nights;
And goblin-brats of Gilpin Horner's brood
Decoy young Border-nobles through the wood,
And skip at every step, Lord knows how high,
And frighten foolish babes, the Lord knows why,
While high-born ladies in their magic cell,
Forbidding Knights to read who cannot spell,
Dispatch a courier to a wizard's grave,
And fight with honest men to shield a knave.

Next view in state, proud prancing on his roan,
The golden-crested haughty Marmion, 160

horse, without the aid of seven-leagued boots, are *chef-d'œuvres* in the improvement of taste. For incident we have the invisible, but by no means sparing, box on the ear bestowed on the page, and the entrance of a Knight and Charger into the castle, under the very natural disguise of a wain of hay. Marmion, the hero of the latter romance, is exactly what William of Deloraine would have been, had he been able to read or write. The Poem was manufactured for Messrs. CONSTABLE, MURRAY, and MILLER, worshipful Booksellers, in consideration of the receipt of a sum of money, and, truly, considering the inspiration, it is a very creditable production. If Mr. SCOTT will write for hire, let him do his best for his paymasters, but not disgrace his genius, which is undoubtedly great, by a repetition of black-letter Ballad imitations.

Now forging scrolls, now foremost in the fight,
Not quite a Felon, yet but half a Knight,
The gibbet or the field prepared to grace;
A mighty mixture of the great and base.
And think'st thou, SCOTT! by vain conceit per-
chance,

On public taste to foist thy stale romance,
Though MURRAY with his MILLER may combine
To yield thy muse just half-a-crown per line?
No! when the sons of song descend to trade,
Their bays are sear, their former laurels fade. 170
Let such forego the poet's sacred name,
Who rack their brains for lucre, not for fame:
Low may they sink to merited contempt,
And scorn remunerate the mean attempt!
Such be their meed, such still the just reward
Of prostituted Muse and hireling Bard!
For this we spurn Apollo's venal son,
And bid a long, « good night to Marmion* »

These are the themes that claim our plaudits now;
These are the Bards to whom the Muse must bow :

* « Good night to Marmion »—the pathetic and also prophetic exclamation of HENRY BLOUNT, Esquire, on the death of honest Marmion.

While MILTON, DRYDEN, POPE, alike forgot, 181
Resign their hallowed Bays to WALTER SCOTT.

The time has been, when yet the Muse was young,
When HOMER swept the lyre, and MARO sung,
An Epic scarce ten centuries could claim,
While awe-struck nations hailed the magic name :
The work of each immortal Bard appears
The single wonder of a thousand years*.
Empires have mouldered from the face of earth,
Tongues have expired with those who gave them
birth, 190
Without the glory such a strain can give,
As even in ruin bids the language live.
Not so with us, though minor Bards content,
On one great work a life of labour spent :
With eagle pinion soaring to the skies,
Behold the Ballad-monger SOUTHEY rise !

* As the *Odyssey* is so closely connected with the story of the *Iliad*, they may almost be classed as one grand historical poem. In alluding to MILTON and TASSO, we consider the «*Paradise Lost*,» and «*Gerusalemme Liberata*» as their standard efforts, since neither the «*Jerusalem Conquered*» of the Italian, nor the «*Paradise Regained*» of the English Bard, obtained a proportionate celebrity to their former poems. Query : Which of Mr. SOUTHEY's will survive ?

To him let CAMOENS, MILTON, TASSO, yield,
Whose annual strains, like armies, take the field.
First in the ranks see Joan of Arc advance,
The scourge of England, and the boast of France!
Though burnt by wicked BEDFORD for a witch,
Behold her statue placed in Glory's niche; 202
Her fetters burst, and just released from prison,
A virgin Phœnix from her ashes risen.
Next see tremendous Thalaba come on*,
Arabia's monstrous, wild, and wond'rous son;
Domdaniel's dread destroyer, who o'erthrew
More mad magicians than the world e'er knew.
Immortal Hero! all thy foes o'ercome,
For ever reign—the rival of Tom Thumb! 210
Since startled metre fled before thy face,
Well wert thou doomed the last of all thy race!
Well might triumphant Genii bear thee hence,
Illustrious conqueror of common sense!

* Thalaba, Mr. SOUTHEY's second poem, is written in open defiance of precedent and poetry. Mr. S. wished to produce something novel, and succeeded to a miracle. Joan of Arc was marvellous enough, but Thalaba was one of those poems « which, in the words of PORSON, will be read when Homer and Virgil are forgotten, but—not till then. »

Now, last and greatest, Madoc spreads his sails,
 Cacique in Mexico, and Prince in Wales;
 Tells us strange tales, as other travellers do,
 More old than Mandeville's, and not so true.
 Oh! SOUTHEY, SOUTHEY*! cease thy varied song!
 A Bard may chaunt too often and too long: 220
 As thou art strong in verse, in mercy spare!
 A fourth; alas! were more than we could bear.
 But if, in spite of all the world can say,
 Thou still wilt verseward plod thy weary way;
 If still in Berkley Ballads most uncivil,
 Thou wilt devote old women to the devil †,
 The babe unborn thy dread intent may rue:
 « God help thee, » SOUTHEY, and thy readers too §.

* We beg Mr. SOUTHEY's pardon: « Madoc disdains the degraded title of Epic. » See his preface. Why is Epic degraded? and by whom? Certainly the late Romaunts of Masters COTTLE, Laureat PYE, OGILVY, HOLE, and gentle Mistress COWLEY, have not exalted the Epic Muse; but as Mr. SOUTHEY's poem « disdains the appellation, » allow us to ask—has he substituted any thing better in its stead? or must he be content to rival Sir RICHARD BLACKMORE, in the quantity as well as quality of his verse.

† See, The Old Woman of Berkley, a Ballad by Mr. SOUTHEY wherein an aged Gentlewoman is carried away by Beelzebub, on a « high trotting horse. »

§ The last line, « God help thee, » is an evident plagiarism

Next comes the dull disciple of thy school,
 That mild apostate from poetic rule, 230
 The simple WORDSWORTH, framer of a lay
 As soft as evening in his favourite May;
 Who warns his friend « to shake off toil and trouble,
 And quit his books for fear of growing double* ; »
 Who, both by precept and example, shows
 That prose is verse, and verse is merely prose,
 Convincing all by demonstration plain,
 Poetic souls delight in prose insane ;
 And Christmas stories tortured into rhyme,
 Contain the essence of the true sublime : 240
 Thus when he tells the tale of Betty Foy,
 The idiot mother of « an idiot Boy ; »
 A moon-struck silly lad who lost his way,
 And, like his bard, confounded night with day †,

from the *Anti-jacobin* to Mr. SOUTHEY, on his *Dactyls* :

« God help thee, silly one. »—*Poetry of the Anti-jacobin*,
 page 23.

* *Lyrical Ballads*, page 4.—« The tables turned. » Stanza 1.

« Up, up my friend, and clear your looks,

« Why all this toil and trouble ?

« Up, up my friend, and quit your books.

« Or surely you'll grow double. »

† Mr. W. in his preface labours hard to prove that prose

So close on each pathetic part he dwells,
 And each adventure so sublimely tells,
 That all who view the « idiot in his glory, »
 Conceive the Bard the hero of the story.

Shall gentle COLERIDGE pass unnoticed here,
 To turgid ode, and tumid stanza dear? 250
 Though themes of innocence amuse him best,
 Yet still obscurity's a welcome guest.
 If inspiration should her aid refuse
 To him who takes a Pixy for a Muse*,
 Yet none in lofty numbers can surpass
 The bard who soars to elegize an ass.
 How well the subject suits his noble mind !
 « A fellow feeling makes us wond'rous kind. »

and verse are much the same, and certainly his precepts and practice are strictly conformable :

- « And thus to Betty's questions he
- « Made answer, like a traveller bold,
- « The cock did crow to-whoo, to-whoo ;
- « And the sun did shine so cold : etc, etc. »

Lyrical Ballads, page 129.

* COLERIDGE'S Poems, page 11. Songs of the Pixies, i. c.
 Devonshire Fairies. Page 42, we have, « Lines to a young
 Lady, » and page 52, « Lines to a Young Ass. »

Oh ! wonder-working LEWIS ! Monk, or Bard,
 Who fain wouldst make Parnassus a church-
 yard !

260

Lo ! Wreaths of yew, not laurel, bind thy brow,
 Thy Muse a Sprite, Apollo's sexton thou !

Whether on ancient tombs thou tak'st thy stand,
 By gibb'ring spectres hailed, thy kindred band ;
 Or tracest chaste descriptions on thy page,

To please the females of our modest age,

All hail, M. P. !* from whose infernal brain

Thin sheeted phantoms glide, a grisly train ;

At whose command, « grim women » throng in
 crowds,

And kings of fire, of water, and of clouds,

270

With « small grey men, »—« wild yagers, » and
 whatnot,

To crown with honour, thee, and WALTER SCOTT :

Again all hail ! If tales like thine may please,

St. Luke alone can vanquish the disease ;

Even Satan's self with thee might dread to dwell,

And in thy skull discern a deeper hell.

* « For every one knows little Matt's an M. P. »—See a Poem to Mr. LEWIS, in THE STATESMAN, supposed to be written by Mr. Jekyll.

Learn, if thou can'st, to yield thine author's sense,
 Nor vend thy sonnets on a false pretence.
 Think'st thou to gain thy verse a higher place
 By dressing Camoens in a suit of lace?
 Mend, STRANGEFORD! mend thy morals and thy taste;
 Be warm, but pure, be amorous, but be chaste: 300
 Cease to deceive; thy pilfered harp restore,
 Nor teach the Lusian Bard to copy MOORE.

In many marble-covered volumes view
 HAYLEY, in vain attempting something new:
 Whether he spin his comedies in rhyme,
 Or scrawl, as WOOD and BARCLAY walk, 'gainst
 time,
 His stile in youth or age is still the same;
 For ever feeble and for ever tame.
 Triumphant first see « Temper's Triumphs » shine!
 At least I'm sure they triumphed over mine. 310
 Of « Music's Triumphs » all who read may swear
 That luckless Music never triumphed there*.

* HAYLEY's two most notorious verse productions, are « Triumphs of Temper, » and « Triumphs of Music. » He has also written much Comedy in rhyme, Epistles, etc. etc. As he is rather an elegant writer of notes and biography, let us recommend POPE's Advice to WYCHERLEY to Mr. H's con-

Moravians rise ! bestow some meet reward
 On dull Devotion—lo ! the Sabbath Bard,
 Sepulchral GRAHAME, pours his notes sublime,
 In mangled prose, nor e'en aspires to rhyme,
 Breaks into blank the Gospel of St. Luke,
 And boldly pilfers from the Pentateuch ;
 And, undisturbed by conscientious qualms, 319
 Perverts the Prophets, and purloins the Psalms*.

Hail Sympathy ! thy soft idea brings
 A thousand visions of a thousand things,
 And shows, dissolved in thine own melting tears,
 The maudlin Prince of mournful sonneteers.
 And art thou not their Prince, harmonious BOWLES !
 Thou first, great oracle of tender souls ?
 Whether in sighing winds thou seek'st relief,
 Or consolation in a yellow leaf ;
 Whether thy muse most lamentably tells
 What merry sounds proceed from Oxford bells †,

sideration ; viz. « to convert his poetry into prose, » which
 may be easily done by taking away the final syllable of each
 couplet.

* Mr. GRAHAME has poured forth two volumes of Cant,
 under the name of « Sabbath Walks, » and « Biblical Pictures. »

† See BOWLES's Sonnets, etc.—« Sonnet to Oxford, » and
 « Stanzas on hearing the Bells of Ostend. »

Or, still in bells delighting, finds a friend, 331
 In every chime that jingled from Ostend?
 Ah! how much juster were thy Muse's hap,
 If to thy bells thou would'st but add a cap!
 Delightful BOWLES! still blessing, and still blest,
 All love thy strain, but children like it best.
 'Tis thine with gentle LITTLE's moral song,
 To soothe the mania of the amorous throng!
 With thee our nursery damsels shed their tears,
 Ere Miss, as yet, completes her infant years: 340
 But in her teens thy whining powers are vain;
 She quits poor BOWLES, for LITTLE's purer strain.
 Now to soft themes thou scornest to confine
 The lofty numbers of a harp like thine:
 « A wake a louder and a loftier strain*, »
 Such as none heard before, or will again;
 Where all discoveries jumbled from the flood,
 Since first the leaky ark reposed in mud,

* « Awake a louder, etc. etc. is the first line in BOWLES's
 « Spirit of Discovery; » a very spirited and pretty dwarf Epic.
 Among other exquisite lines we have the following—

« A kiss

« Stole on the list'ning silence, never yet

« Here heard; they trembled even as if the power, » etc. etc.

—That is, the woods of Madeira trembled to a kiss, very much
 astonished, as well they might be, at such a phenomenon.

Let all the scandals of a former age,
 Perch on thy pen and flutter o'er thy page;
 Affect a candour which thou can'st not feel,
 Clothe envy in the garb of honest zeal; 370
 Write as if St. John's soul could still inspire,
 And do from hate what * MALLEY did for hire.
 Oh! had'st thou lived in that congenial time,
 To rave with DENNIS, and with RALPH to rhyme†,
 Thronged with the rest around his living head,
 Not raised thy hoof against the lion dead,
 A meet reward had crowned thy glorious gains,
 And linked thee to the Dunciad for thy pains§.

Bookseller. Lord Fanny is the poetical name of Lord HERVEY, author of « Lines to the Imitator of Horace. »

* Lord BOLINGBROKE hired MALLEY to traduce POPE after his decease, because the Poet had retained some copies of a work by Lord BOLINGBROKE, (the Patriot King) which that splendid, but malignant genius, had ordered to be destroyed.

† DENNIS, the critic, and RALPH, the rhymester.

« Silence ye wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,

« Making night hideous, answer him ye owls! »

Dunciad.

§ See BOWLES's late edition of POPE's works, for which he received 300 pounds: thus Mr. B. has experienced how much easier it is to profit by the reputation of another, than to elevate his own.

Another Epic ! who inflicts again
 More books of blank upon the sons of men ? 380
 Bæotian COTTLE, rich Bristowa's boast,
 Imports old stories from the Cambrian coast,
 And sends his goods to market—all alive !
 Lines forty-thousand, Cantos twenty-five !
 Fresh fish from Helicon ! who'll buy ? who'll buy ?
 The precious bargain's cheap—in faith not I.
 Too much in turtle Bristol's sons delight,
 Too much o'er bowls of Rack prolong the night :
 If commerce fills the purse she clogs the brain,
 And AMOS COTTLE strikes the Lyre in vain. 390
 In him an author's luckless lot behold !
 Condemned to make the books which once he sold.
 Oh ! AMOS COTTLE ! Phœbus !— what a name
 To fill the speaking trump of future fame !—
 Oh ! AMOS COTTLE ! for a moment think
 What meagre profits spring from pen and ink !
 When thus devoted to poetic dreams,
 Who will peruse thy prostituted reams ?
 Oh ! pen perverted ! paper misapplied !
 Had *COTTLE still adorned the counter's side, 400

* Mr. COTTLE, AMOS or JOSEPH, I don't know which, but one or both, once sellers of books they did not write, and now

Bent o'er the desk, or, born to useful toils,
 Been taught to make the paper which he soils,
 Ploughed, delved, or plied the oar with lusty limb,
 He had not sung of Wales, nor I of him.

As Sisyphus against the infernal steep
 Rolls the huge rock, whose motions ne'er may sleep,
 So up thy hill, ambrosial Richmond! heaves
 Dull MAURICE* all his granite weight of leaves:
 Smooth, solid monuments of mental pain!
 The petrifications of a plodding brain, 410
 That ere they reach the top fall lumbering back
 again.

With broken lyre and cheek serenely pale,
 Lo! sad ALCÆUS wanders down the vale!
 'Though fair they rose, and might have bloomed at
 last,

His hopes have perished by the northern blast:
 Nipped in the bud by Caledonian gales,
 His blossoms wither as the blast prevails!

writers of books that do not sell, have published a pair of
 Epics. « Alfred » (poor Alfred! Pye has been at him too!)
 « Alfred » and the « Fall of Cambria. »

* Mr. MAURICE hath manufactured the component parts of
 a ponderous quarto, upon the beauties of « Richmond Hill, »

O'er his lost works let *classic* SHEFFIELD weep ;
May no rude hand disturb their early sleep* !

Yet, say ! why should the Bard, at once, re-
sign 420

His claim to favour from the sacred Nine ?
For ever startled by the mingled howl
Of Northern wolves that still in darkness prowl :
A coward brood which mangle as they prey,
By hellish instinct, all that cross their way :
Aged or young, the living or the dead,
No mercy find,— these harpies must be fed.
Why do the injured unresisting yield
The calm possession of their native field ?
Why tamely thus before their fangs retreat, 430
Nor hunt the bloodhounds back to ARTHUR'S
seat† ?

and the like :—it also takes in a charming view of Turnham Green, Hammersmith, Brentford, Old and New, and the parts adjacent.

* POOR MONTGOMERY ! though praised by every English Review, has been bitterly reviled by the EDINBURGH. After all, the Bard of Sheffield is a man of considerable genius : his « *Wanderer of Switzerland* » is worth a thousand « *Lyrical Ballads*, » and at least fifty « *Degraded Epics*. »

† ARTHUR'S seat ; the hill which overhangs Edinburgh.

Health to immortal JEFFREY ! once, in name,
England could boast a judge almost the same :
In soul so like, so merciful, yet just,
Some think that Satan has resigned his trust,
And given the Spirit to the world again,
To sentence Letters, as he sentenced men ;
With hand less mighty, but with heart as black,
With voice as willing to decree the rack ;
Bred in the Courts beimes, though all that law 440
As yet hath taught him is to find a flaw.
Since well instructed in the patriot school
To rail at party, though a party tool,
Who knows? if chance his patrons should restore
Back to the sway they forfeited before,
His scribbling toils some recompence may meet,
And raise this Daniel to the Judgment Seat.
Let JEFFRIES' shade indulge the pious hope,
And greeting thus, present him with a rope :
" Heir to my virtues ! man of equal mind ! 450
" Skilled to condemn as to traduce mankind,
" This cord receive ! for thee reserved with care,
" To yield in judgment, and at length to wear. "

• Health to great JEFFREY ! Heaven preserve his life,
To flourish on the fertile shores of Fife,

And guard it sacred in his future wars,
Since authors sometimes seek the field of Mars !
Can none remember that eventful day,
That ever glorious, almost fatal fray,
When LITTLE'S leadless pistol met his eye, 460
And Bow-street Myrmidons stood laughing by *?
Oh! day disastrous ! on her firm set rock,
Dunedin's castle felt a secret shock ;
Dark rolled the sympathetic waves of Forth,
Low groaned the startled whirlwinds of the North ;
'TWEED ruffled half his wave to form a tear,
The other half pursued its calm career † ;
ARTHUR'S steep summit nodded to its base,
The surly Tolbooth scarcely kept her place ;
The Tolbooth felt—for marble sometimes can, 470
On such occasions, feel as much as man—

* In 1806, Messrs. JEFFREY and MOORE, met at Chalk-Farm. The duel was prevented by the interference of the Magistracy ; and, on examination, the balls of the pistols, like the courage of the combatants, were found to have evaporated. This incident gave occasion to much wagery in the daily prints.

† The Tweed here behaved with proper decorum, it would have been highly reprehensible in the English half of the River to have shown the smallest symptom of apprehension.

The Tolbooth felt defrauded of his charms
If JEFFREY died, except within her arms* :
Nay, last not least, on that portentous morn
The sixteenth story where himself was born,
His patrimonial garret fell to ground,
And pale Edina shuddered at the sound :
Strewed were the streets around with milk-white
reams,
Flowed all the Canongate with inky streams ;
This of his candour seemed the sable dew, 480
That of his valour shewed the bloodless hue,
And all with justice deemed the two combined
The mingled emblems of his mighty mind.
But Caledonia's Goddess hovered o'er
The field, and saved him from the wrath of MOORE ;
From either pistol snatched the vengeful lead,
And strait restored it to her favourite's head.

* This display of sympathy on the part of the Tolbooth, (the principal prison in Edinburgh) which truly seems to have been most affected on this occasion, is much to be commended. It was to be apprehended, that the many unhappy criminals executed in the front; might have rendered the edifice more callous. She is said to be of the softer sex, because her delicacy of feeling on this day was truly feminine, though, like most feminine impulses, perhaps a little selfish.

That head, with greater than magnetic power,
 Caught it, as Danaë the golden shower,
 And, though the thickening dross will scarce refine,
 Augments its ore, and is itself a mine.

- « My son, » she cried, « ne'er thirst for gore again,
 « Resign the pistol, and resume the pen ;
 « O'er politics and poesy preside,
 « Boast of thy country and Britannia's guide !
 « For long as Albion's heedless sons submit,
 « Or Scottish taste decides on English wit,
 « So long shall last thine unmolested reign,
 « Nor any dare to take thy name in vain.
 « Behold a chosen band shall aid thy plan, 500
 « And own thee chieftain of the critic clan.
 « First in the ranks illustrious shall be seen
 « The travelled Thane ! Athenian Aberdeen*.
 « HERBERT shall wield THOR's hammer†, and some-
 times
 « In gratitude thou'lt praise his rugged rhymes.

* His Lordship has been much abroad, is a Member of the Athenian Society, and Reviewer of « GELL'S Topography of Troy. »

† Mr. HERBERT is a translator of Icelandic and other poetry. One of the principal pieces is a « Song on the Recovery of

« Smug SYDNEY* too thy bitter page shall seek,
 « And classic HALLAM† much renowned for Greek.
 « SCOTT may perchance his name and influence
 lend,
 « And paltry PILLANS§ shall traduce his friend ;

THOR'S Hammer : » the translation is a pleasant chaunt in the vulgar tongue, and ended thus :—

« Instead of money and rings, I wot,
 « The hammer's bruises were her lot,
 « Thus Odin's son his hammer got.»

* The REV. SYDNEY SMITH, the reputed Author of Peter Plymley's Letters, and sundry criticisms.

† Mr. HALLAM reviewed PAYNE KNIGHT's Taste, and was exceedingly severe on some Greek verses therein : it was not discovered that the lines were PINDAR's, till the press rendered it impossible to cancel the critique, which still stands an everlasting monument of HALLAM's ingenuity.

The said HALLAM is incensed, because he is falsely accused, seeing that he never dineth at Holland House.—If this be true, I am sorry—not for having said so, but on his account, as I understand his Lordship's feasts are preferable to his compositions.—If he did not review Lord HOLLAND's performance, I am glad, because it must have been painful to read, and irksome to praise it. If Mr. HALLAM will tell me who did review it, the real name shall find a place in the text, provided, nevertheless the said name be of two orthodox musical syllables, and will come into the verse, till then, HALLAM must stand for want of a better.

§ PILLANS is a tutor at Eton.

« While gay Thalia's luckless votary, LAMBE*, 510
 « As he himself was damned, shall try to damn.
 « Known by the name! unbounded be thy sway!
 « Thy HOLLAND's banquets shall each toil repay;
 « While grateful Britain yields the praise she owes,
 « To HOLLAND's hirelings, and to Learning's foes.
 « Yet mark one caution, ere thy next Review
 « Spread its light wings of Saffron and of Blue,
 « Beware lest blundering BROUGHAM† destroy the
 sale,
 « Turn Beef to Bannocks, Cauliflowers to Kail. »
 Thus having said, the kilted Goddess kist 520
 Her son, and vanished in a Scottish mist§.

* The honourable G. LAMBE reviewed « BERESFORD's Mis-
 series, » and is moreover Author of a Farce enacted with
 much applause at the Priory, Stanmore; and damned with
 great expedition at the late Theatre, Covent-Garden. It was
 entitled « Whistle for It. »

† Mr. BROUGHAM, in N°. XXV. of the Edinburgh Review,
 throughout the article concerning Don Pedro de Cevallos, has
 displayed more politics than policy: many of the worthy Bur-
 gesses of Edinburg being so incensed at the infamous principles
 it evinces, as to have withdrawn their subscriptions.

It seems that Mr. BROUGHAM is not a Pict, as I supposed,
 but a Borderer, and his name is pronounced Broom, from
 Trent to Tay;—So be it.

§ I ought to apologise to the worthy Deities for introducing

Illustrious HOLLAND !—hard would be his lot,
 His hirelings mentioned, and himself forgot !
 HOLLAND, with HENRY PETTY at his back,
 The whipper-in and huntsman of the pack.
 Blest be the banquets spread at Holland House,
 Where Scotchmen feed, and Critics may carouse !
 Long, long beneath that hospitable roof,
 Shall Grub-street dine, while duns are kept aloof.
 See honest HALLAM lay aside his fork, 530
 Resume his pen, review his Lordship's work,
 And grateful to the founder of the feast,
 Declare his landlord can translate, at least* !
 Dunedin ! view thy children with delight,

a new Goddess with short petticoats to their notice : but, alas !
 what was to be done ? I could not say Caledonia's Genius,
 it being well known there is no Genius to be found from
 Clackmannan to Caithness, yet without supernatural agency,
 how was Jeffrey to be saved ? The national « Kelpies, » etc.
 are too unpoetical, and the « Brownies » and « gude neigh-
 bours, » (spirits of a good disposition) refused to extricate
 him. A Goddess therefore has been called for the purpose,
 and great ought to be the gratitude of Jeffrey, seeing it is the
 only communication he ever held, or is likely to hold, with
 any thing heavenly.

* Lord H. has translated some specimens of Lope de Vega,
 inserted in his life of the Author : both are bepraised by his
disinterested guests.

They write for food, and feed because they write :
 And lest, when heated with th' unusual grape,
 Some glowing thoughts should to the press escape,
 And tinge with red the female reader's cheek,
 My lady skims the cream of each critique ;
 Breathes o'er the page her purity of soul, 540
 Reforms each error, and refines the whole*.

Now to the Drama turn—oh ! motley sight !
 What precious scenes the wondering eyes invite !
 Puns, and a Prince within a barrel[†],
 And Dibdin's nonsense yield complete content.
 Though now, thank Heaven ! the Rosciomania's
 o'er,
 And full-grown actors are endured once more ;
 Yet, what avails their vain attempts to please,
 While British critics suffer scenes like these ?

* Certain it is, her Ladyship is suspected of having displayed her matchless wit in the *Edinburgh Review* ; however that may be, we know from good authority, that the manuscripts are submitted to her perusal—no doubt for correction.

† In the melo-drame of *Tekeli*, that heroic prince is clapt into a barrel on the stage, a new asylum for distressed heroes.

While REYNOLDS vents his « dammes, poohs, » and
 « zounds*, » 550

And common place, and common sense confounds?
 While KENNY's World just suffered to proceed,
 Proclaims the audience very kind indeed?
 And BEAUMONT's pilfered Caratach affords
 A tragedy complete in all but words†?
 Who but must mourn, while these are all the rage,
 The degradation of our vaunted stage?
 Heavens! is all sense of shame, and talent gone?
 Have we no living Bard of merit?—none?
 Awake, GEORGE COLMAN, CUMBERLAND, awake! 560
 Ring the alarm bell, let folly quake!
 Oh! SHERIDAN! if aught can move thy pen,
 Let Comedy resume her throne again,
 Abjure the mummery of German schools,
 Leave new Pizarros to translating fools;
 Give as thy last memorial to the age,
 One classic drama, and reform the stage.

* All these are favourite expressions of Mr. R. and prominent in his Comedies, living and defunct.

† Mr. T. Sheridan, the new Manager of Drury-Lane Theatre, stripped the Tragedy of Bonduca of the Dialogue, and exhibited the scenes as the spectacles of Caractacus.—Was this worthy of his sire? or of himself?

Gods! o'er those boards shall Folly rear her head
Where GARRICK trod, and KEMBLE lives to tread?
On those shall Farce display buffoonery's mask, 570
And Hook conceal his heroes in a cask?
Shall sapient managers new scenes produce
From CHERRY, SKEFFINGTON, and Mother Goose?
While SHAKESPEARE, OTWAY, MASSINGER, forgot,
On stalls must moulder, or in closets rot?
Lo! with what pomp the daily prints proclaim,
The rival candidates for Attic fame!
In grim array though LEWIS' spectres rise,
Still SKEFFINGTON and GOOSE divide the prize.
And sure *great* SKEFFINGTON must claim our praise,
For skirtless coats, and skeletons of plays,
Renowned alike; whose genius ne'er confines
Her flight to garnish GREENWOOD's gay designs*;
Nor sleeps with « Sleeping Beauties, » but anon
In five facetious acts comes thundering on †,
While poor John Bull, bewildered with the scene,

* Mr. GREENWOOD is, we believe, Scene-Painter to Drury-Lane Theatre—as such Mr. S. is much indebted to him.

† Mr. S. is the illustrious author of the « Sleeping Beauty : » and some Comedies, particularly « Maids and Bachelors, »
Baccalaurei baculo magis quam lauro digni.

Stares, wondering what the devil it can mean ;
 But as some hands applaud, a venal few !
 Rather than sleep, why John applauds it too.

Such are we now, ah ! wherefore should we turn
 To what our fathers were, unless to mourn ? 591
 Degenerate Britons ! are ye dead to shame,
 Or, kind to dullness, do you fear to blame ?
 Well may the nobles of our present race
 Watch each distortion of a NALDI's face ;
 Well may they smile on Italy's buffoons,
 And worship CATALANI's pantaloons*,
 Since their own Drama yields no fairer trace
 Of wit than puns, of humour than grimace.

Then let AUSONIA, skilled in ev'ry art 600
 To soften manners, but corrupt the heart,
 Pour her exotic follies o'er the town,
 To sanction Vice and hunt decorum down :
 Let wedded strumpets languish o'er DESHAYES,
 And bless the promise which his form displays ;

* NALDI and CATALANI require little notice,—for the visage of the one, and the salary of the other, will enable us long to recollect these amusing vagabonds ; besides, we are still black and blue from the squeeze on the first night of the Lady's appearance in trowsers.

While Gayton bounds before the enraptured looks
 Of hoary Marquises, and stripling Dukes :
 Let high-born letchers eye the lively Presle
 Twirl her light limbs that spurn the needless veil ;
 Let Angiolini bare her breast of snow, 610
 Wave the white arm and point the pliant toe ;
 Collini trill her love-inspiring song,
 Strain her fair neck and charm the listening throng !
 Raise not your scythe, Suppressors of our Vice !
 Reforming Saints ! too delicately nice !
 By whose decrees, our sinful souls to save,
 No Sunday tankards foam, no barbers shave,
 And beer undrawn and beards unmown display
 Your holy rev'rence for the Sabbath-day.

Or, hail at once the patron and the pile 620
 Of vice and folly, Greville and Argyle* !

* To prevent any blunder, such as mistaking a street for a man, I beg leave to state, that it is the Institution, and not the Duke of that name, which is here alluded to.

A gentleman with whom I am slightly acquainted, lost in the Argyle Rooms several thousand pounds at Backgammon ; it is but justice to the manager in this instance to say, that some degree of disapprobation was manifested ; but why are the implements of gaming allowed in a place devoted to the society of both sexes ? A pleasant thing for the wives and

Where yon proud palace, Fashion's hallowed fane,
 Spreads wide her portals for the motley train,
 Behold the new Petronius* of the day,
 The Arbiter of pleasure and of play !
 There the hired Eunuch, the Hesperian choir,
 The melting lute, the soft lascivious lyre,
 The song from Italy, the step from France,
 The midnight orgy, and the mazy dance,
 The smile of beauty, and the flush of wine, 630
 For fops, fools, gamesters, knaves, and Lords combine :

Each to his humour,—Comus all allows ;
 Champaign, dice, music, or your neighbour's spouse.
 Talk not to us, ye starving sons of trade !
 Of piteous ruin, which ourselves have made :
 In Plenty's sunshine Fortune's minions bask,
 Nor think of Poverty, except « en masque, »

daughters of those who are blest or cursed with such connections, to hear the Billiard-tables rattling in one room, and the dice in another ! That this is the case I myself can testify, as a late unworthy member of an Institution which materially affects the morals of the higher orders, while the lower may not even move to the sound of a tabor and fiddle without a chance of indictment for riotous behaviour.

* Petronius, « Arbiter elegantiarum » to Nero, « and a very pretty fellow in his day, » as Mr. CONGREVE's Old Bachelor saith.

When for the night some lately titled ass
Appears the beggar which his grandsire was.
The curtain dropped, the gay Burletta o'er, 640
The audience take their turn upon the floor;
Now round the room the circling dow'gers sweep,
Now in loose waltz the thin-clad daughters leap :
The first in lengthened line majestic swim,
The last display the free, unfettered limb :
Those for Hibernia's lusty sons repair
With art the charms which Nature could not spare;
These after husbands wing their eager flight,
Nor leave much mystery for the nuptial night.

Oh ! blest retreats of infamy and ease ! 650
Where, all forgotten but the power to please,
Each maid may give a loose to genial thought,
Each swain may teach new systems, or be taught :
There the blithe youngster, just returned from
Spain,
Cuts the light pack, or calls the rattling main ;
The jovial Caster's set, and seven's the nick,
Or—done !—a thousand on the coming trick !
If mad with loss, existence 'gins to tire,
And all your hope or wish is to expire,

Here's POWELL's pistol ready for your life, 660
 And, kinder still, a PAGET for your wife.
 Fit consummation of an earthly race
 Begun in folly, ended in disgrace,
 While none but menials o'er the bed of death,
 Wash thy red wounds, or watch thy wavering
 breath ;
 Traduced by liars, and forgot by all,
 The mangled victim of a drunken brawl,
 To live like CLODIUS*, and like FALKLAND† fall.
 Truth ! rouse some genuine Bard, and guide his
 hand
 To drive this pestilence from out the land. 670

* Mutato nomine de te
 Fabula narratur.

† I knew the late Lord FALKLAND well. On Sunday night I beheld him presiding at his own table, in all the honest pride of hospitality; on Wednesday morning at three o'Clock, I saw, stretched before me, all that remained of courage, feeling, and a host of passions. He was a gallant and successful officer; his faults were the faults of a sailor, as such, Britons will forgive them. He died like a brave man in a better cause; for had he fallen in like manner on the deck of the frigate to which he was just appointed, his last moments would have been held up by his countrymen as an example to succeeding heroes.

Why should we call them from their dark abode,
 In broad St. Giles's or in Tottenham Road?
 Or (since some men of fashion nobly dare
 To scrawl in verse) from Bond-street, or the Square?
 If things of ton their harmless lays indite,
 Most wisely doomed to shun the public sight,
 What harm? in spite of every critic elf,
 Sir T. may read his stanzas, to himself;
 MILES ANDREWS still his strength in couplets try,
 And live in prologues, though his dramas die. 700
 Lords too are Bards: such things at times befall,
 And 'tis some praise in Peers to write at all.
 Yet, did or taste or reason sway the times,
 Ah! who would take their titles with their rhymes?
 ROSCOMMON! SHEFFIELD! with your spirits fled,
 No future laurels deck a noble head;
 No Muse will cheer, with renovating smile,
 The paralytic puling of CARLISLE:
 The puny Schoolboy and his early lay
 Men pardon, if his follies pass away; 710

HOMER and CATULLUS, and behold his name assumed by one
 STOTT of DROMORE, the most impudent and execrable of liter-
 ary poachers for the Daily Prints?

But who forgives the Senior's ceaseless verse,
 Whose hairs grow hoary as his rhymes grow worse?
 What heterogeneous honours deck the Peer!
 Lord, rhymester, petit-maitre, pamphleteer*!
 So dull in youth, so drivelling in his age,
 His scenes alone had damned our sinking stage;
 But Managers for once cried, « hold, enough! »
 Nor drugged their audience with the tragic stuff.
 Yet at their judgment let his Lordship laugh,
 And case his volumes in congenial calf: 720
 Yes! doff that covering where Morocco shines,
 And hang a calf-skin† on those recreant lines.

With you, ye Druids! rich in native lead,
 Who daily scribble for your daily bread;

* The Earl of Carlisle has lately published an eighteen-penny pamphlet on the state of the Stage, and offers his plan for building a new theatre: it is to be hoped his Lordship will be permitted to bring forward any thing for the stage, except his own tragedies.

† « Doff that lion's hide :

« And hang a calf-skin on those recreant limbs. »

SHAK : KING JOHN

Lord C.'s works, most resplendently bound, form a conspicuous ornament to his book-shelves :

« The rest is all but leather and prnnella. »

With you I war not : GIFFORD's heavy hand
 Has crushed, without remorse, your numerous band.
 On, « all the Talents » vent your venal spleen,
 Want your defence, let Pity be your screen.
 Let Monodies on Fox regale your crew,
 And Melville's Mantle* prove a Blanket too ! 730
 One common Lethe waits each hapless Bard,
 And peace be with you ! 'tis your best reward.
 Such damning fame as Dunciads only give
 Could bid your lines beyond a morning live ;
 But now at once your fleeting labours close,
 With names of greater note in blest repose.
 Far be't from me unkindly to upbraid
 The lovely ROSA's prose in masquerade,
 Whose strains, the faithful echoes of her mind,
 Leave wondering comprehension far behind†. 740
 Though CRUSCA's bards no more our journals fill,
 Some stragglers skirmish round their columns still ;

* MELVILLE's Mantle, a parody on « Elijah's Mantle, » a poem.

† This lovely little Jessica, the daughter of the noted Jew K—, seems to be a follower of the Della Crusca School, and has published two volumes of very respectable absurdities in rhyme, as times go ; besides sundry novels in the style of the first edition of the Monk.

Last of the howling host which once was BELL's,
 MATILDA snivels yet, and HAFIZ yells ;
 And MERRY's metaphors appear anew ,
 Chain'd to the signature of O. P. Q.*

When some brisk youth, the tenant of a stall,
 Employs a pen less pointed than his awl,
 Leaves his snug shop, forsakes his store of shoes,
 St. Crispin quits, and cobbles for the Muse, 750
 Heavens! how the vulgar stare! how crowds applaud!
 How ladies read, and Literati laud !
 If chance some wicked wag should pass his jest,
 'Tis sheer ill-nature ; don't the world know best?
 Genius must guide when wits admire the rhyme,
 And CAPEL LOFFT † declares 'tis quite sublime.
 Hear, then, ye happy sons of needless trade!
 Swains ! quit the plough, resign the useless spade :
 Lo ! BURNS and BLOOMFIELD§, nay, a greater far,
 GIFFORD was born beneath an adverse star, 760

* These are the signatures of various worthies who figure in the poetical departments of the newspapers.

† CAPEL LOFFT, Esq. the Mæcenas of shoemakers, and Preface-writer-General to distressed versemen ; a kind of gratis Accoucheur to those who wish to be delivered of rhyme, but do not know how to bring it forth.

§ See NATHANIEL BLOOMFIELD's ode, elegy, or whatever

Forsook the labours of a servile state,
 Stemmed the rude storm and triumphed over Fate:
 Then why no more? if Phœbus smiled on you,
 BLOOMFIELD! why not on brother Nathan too?
 Him too the Mania, not the Muse, has seized;
 Not inspiration, but a mind diseased:
 And now no Boor can seek his last abode,
 No common be enclosed, without an ode.
 Oh! since increased refinement deigns to smile
 On Britain's sons, and bless our genial Isle, 770
 Let Poesy go forth, pervade the whole,
 Alike the rustic, and mechanic soul:
 Ye tuneful cobblers! still your notes prolong,
 Compose at once a slipper and a song;
 So shall the fair your handiwork peruse;
 Your sonnets sure shall please—perhaps your shoes.
 May Moorland* weavers boast Pindaric skill,
 And taylor's' lays be longer than their bill!
 While punctual beaux reward the grateful notes,
 And pay for poems—when they pay for coats. 780

he or any one else chooses to call it, on the enclosure of
 « Honington Green. »

* Vide « Recollections of a Weaver in the Moorlands of
 Staffordshire. »

To the famed throng now paid the tribute due,
Neglected Genius ! let me turn to you.
Come forth, oh CAMPBELL !* give thy talents scope ;
Who dares aspire if thou must cease to hope ?
And thou, melodious ROGERS ! rise at last,
Recal the pleasing memory of the past ;
Arise ! let blest remembrance still inspire,
And strike to wonted tones thy hallowed lyre !
Restore Apollo to his vacant throne,
Assert thy country's honour and thine own. 790
What ! must deserted Poesy still weep
Where her last hopes with pious COWPER sleep ?
Unless, perchance, from his cold bier she turns,
To deck the turf that wraps her minstrel, BURNS !
No ! tho' contempt hath marked the spurious brood,
The race who rhyme from folly, or for food ;
Yet still some genuine sons 'tis her's to boast,
Who, least affecting, still affect the most ;

* It would be superfluous to recal to the mind of the reader, the author of « The Pleasures of Memory » and « The pleasures of Hope, » the most beautiful Didactic poems in our language, if we except Pope's Essay on Man : but so many poetasters have started up, that even the names of CAMPBELL and ROGERS are become strange.

Feel as they write, and write but as they feel—
 Bear witness GIFFORD, SOTHEY, MACNEIL*. 800

« Why slumbers GIFFORD? once was asked in
 vain†:

Why slumbers GIFFORD? let us ask again.
 Are there no follies for his pen to purge?
 Are there no fools whose backs demand the scourge?
 Are there no sins for Satire's Bard to greet?
 Stalks not gigantic Vice in every street?
 Shall Peers or Princes tread pollution's path,
 And 'scape alike the Law's and Muse's wrath?
 Nor blaze with guilty glare through future time,
 Eternal beacons of consummate crime? 810
 Arouse thee, GIFFORD! be thy promise claimed,
 Make bad men better, or at least ashamed.

* GIFFORD, author of the *Baviad* and *Mæviad*, the first satires of the day, and Translator of JUVENAL.

SOTHEY, translator of WIELAND's *Oberon*, and Virgil's *Georgics*, and author of *Saul*, an epic poem.

MACNEIL, whose poems are deservedly popular: particularly « *SCOTLAND'S Scaith, or the Waes of War*, » of which ten thousand copies were sold in one month.

† Mr. GIFFORD promised publicly that the *Baviad* and *Mæviad* should not be his last original works: let him remember; « *Mox in reluctantes Dracones.* »

Unhappy WALTER! while life was in its spring,
And thy young Muse just waved her joyous wing,
The spoiler came; and all thy promise fair
Has sought the grave, to sleep for ever there.
Oh! what a noble heart was here undone,
When Science's self destroyed her favourite son!
Yes! she too much indulged thy fond pursuit,
She sowed the seeds, but death has reaped the
fruit.

820

'Twas thine own Genius gave the final blow
And helped to plant the wound that laid thee low:
So the struck Eagle stretched upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart:
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel
He nursed the pinion which impelled the steel,

«HENRY KIRKE WHITE died at Cambridge in October 1806, in consequence of too much exertion in the pursuit of studies that would have matured a mind which disease and poverty could not impair, and which Death itself destroyed rather than subdued. His poems abound in such beauties as must impress the reader with the liveliest regret that so short a period was allotted to talents, which would have dignified even the sacred functions he was destined to assume.

While the same plumage that had warmed his nest
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.

There be, who say in these enlightened days 831
That splendid lies are all the Poet's praise;
That strained invention, ever on the wing,
Alone impels the modern Bard to sing:
'Tis true, that all who rhyme, nay, all who write,
Shrink from that fatal word to Genius—Trite;
Yet Truth sometimes will lend her noblest fires,
And decorate the verse herself inspires:
This fact in Virtue's name let CRABBE attest,
Though Nature's sternest Painter, yet the best. 840

And here let SHEE* and Genius find a place,
Whose pen and pencil yield an equal grace;
To guide whose hand the sister Arts combine,
And trace the Poet's, or the Painter's line;
Whose magic touch can bid the canvass glow,
Or pour the easy rhyme's harmonious flow,
While honours doubly merited attend
The Poet's rival, but the Painter's friend.

* Mr. SHEE, author of « Rhymes on Art, » and « Elements of Art. »

Blest is the man! who dares approach the bower
 Where dwelt the Muses at their natal hour ; 850
 Whose steps have pressed, whose eye has marked
 afar

The clime that nursed the sons of song and war,
 The scenes which Glory still must hover o'er ;
 Her place of birth, her own Achaian shore :
 But doubly blest is he, whose heart expands
 With hallowed feelings for those classic lands ;
 Who rends the veil of ages long gone by,
 And views their remnants with a poet's eye !
 WRIGHT*! 'twas thy happy lot at once to view
 Those shores of glory, and to sing them too ; 860
 And sure no common Muse inspired thy pen
 To hail the land of Gods and Godlike men.

And you, associate Bards†! who snatched to light
 Those Gems too long withheld from modern sight ;

* Mr. WRIGHT late Consul-General for the Seven Islands, is author of a very beautiful poem just published : it is entitled, 'Horæ Ionicæ,' and is descriptive of the Isles and the adjacent coast of Greece.

† The translators of the Anthology have since published separate poems, which evince genius that only requires opportunity to attain eminence.

Whose mingling taste combined to cull the wreath
Where Attic flowers Aonian odours breathe,
And all their renovated fragrance flung,
To grace the beauties of your native tongue ;
Now let those minds that nobly could transfuse
The glorious Spirit of the Grecian Muse, 870
Though soft the echo, scorn a borrowed tone :
Resign Achaia's lyre and strike your own.

Let these, or such as these, with just applause,
Restore the Muse's violated laws :
But not in flimsy Darwin's pompous chime,
That mighty master of unmeaning rhyme ;
Whose gilded cymbals, more adorned than clear,
The eye delighted but fatigued the ear,
In show the simple lyre could once surpass,
But now worn down, appear in native brass ; 880
While all his train of hovering sylphs around,
Evaporate in similies and sound :
Him let them shun, with him let tinsel die ;
False glare attracts, but more offends the eye*.

* The neglect of the « Botanic Garden, » is some proof of returning taste ; the scenery is its sole recommendation.

Yet let them not to vulgar WORDSWORTH stoop
 The meanest object of the lowly group,
 Whose verse of all but childish prattle void,
 Seems blessed harmony to LAMBE and LLOYD*:
 Let them—but hold my Muse, nor dare to teach
 A strain, far, far beyond thy humble reach; 890
 The native genius with their feeling given
 Will point the path, and peal their notes to heaven.

And thou, too, SCOTT†! resign to minstrels rude
 The wilder Slogan of a Border feud:
 Let others spin their meagre lines for hire;
 Enough for Genius if itself inspire!
 Let SOUTHEY sing, altho' his teeming muse,
 Prolific every spring, be too profuse;
 Let simple WORDSWORTH chime his childish verse,
 And brother COLERIDGE lull the babe at nurse; 900
 Let Spectre-mongering LEWIS aim, at most,
 To rouse the Galleries, or to raise a ghost;

* Messrs. LAMBE and LLOYD, the most ignoble followers,
 of Southey and Co.

† By the bye, I hope that in Mr. SCOTT's next poem his
 hero or heroine will be less addicted to « Gramarye, » and
 more to Grammar, than the Lady of the Lay, and her Bravo
 William of Deloraine.

Let MOORE be lewd ; let STRANGFORD steal from
MOORE,

And swear that CAMOENS sang such notes of yore ;

Let HAYLEY hobble on ; MONTGOMERY raye ;

And godly GRAHAME chaunt a stupid stave ;

Let sonneteering BOWLES his strains refine,

And whine and whimper to the fourteenth line ;

Let STOTT, CARLISLE*, MATILDA, and the rest

Of Grub-street, and of Grosvenor-Place the best.

* It may be asked why I have censured the Earl of CARLISLE, my guardian and relative, to whom I dedicated a volume of puerile poems a few years ago. The guardianship was nominal, at least as far as I have been able to discover the relationship I cannot help, and am very sorry for it; but as his Lordship seemed to forget it on a very essential occasion to me, I shall not burthen my memory with the recollection. I do not think that personal differences sanction the unjust condemnation of a brother scribbler : but I see no reason why they should act as a preventive, when the author, noble or ignoble, has for a series of years beguiled a « discerning public » (as the advertisements have it) with divers reams of most orthodox, imperial nonsense. Besides, I do not step aside to vituperate the Earl; no—his works come fairly in review with those of other Patrician Literari. If, before I escaped from my teens, I said any thing in favour of his Lordship's paper books, it was in the way of dutiful dedication, and more from the advice of others than my own judgment, and I seize the first opportunity of pronouncing my

Scrawl on, 'till death release us from the strain, 91
 Or common sense assert her rights again ;
 But Thou, with powers that mock the aid of
 praise,
 Should'st leave to humbler Bards ignoble lays :
 Thy Country's voice, the voice of all the Nine,
 Demand a hallowed harp—that harp is thine.
 Say ! will not Caledonia's annals yield
 The glorious record of some nobler field,
 Than the vile foray of a plundering clan,
 Whose proudest deeds disgrace the name of man ?
 Or Marmion's acts of darkness, fitter food 92
 For outlawed SHERWOOD's tales of Robin Hood ?
 Scotland ! still proudly claim thy native Bard,
 And be thy praise his first, his best reward !

sincere recantation. I have heard that some persons conceive me to be under obligations to Lord CARLISLE : if so, I shall be most particularly happy to learn what they are, and when conferred, that they may be duly appreciated, and publicly acknowledged. What I have humbly advanced as an opinion on his printed things, I am prepared to support, if necessary, by quotations from Elegies, Eulogies, Odes, Episodes, and certain facetious and dainty tragedies bearing his name and mark :

« What can ennoble knaves, or *fools*, or cowards ?

« Alas ! not all the blood of all the Howards ! »

so says POPE. Amen.

Yet not with thee alone his name should live,
But own the vast renown a world can give ;
Be known, perchance, when Albion is no more,
And tell the tale of what she was before ;
To future times her faded fame recall,
And save her glory, though his Country fall. 930

Yet what avails the sanguine Poet's hope
To conquer ages, and with Time to cope ?
New eras spread their wings, new nations rise,
And other Victors* fill the applauding skies :
A few brief generations fleet along,
Whose sons forget the Poet and his song :
E'en now what once loved Minstrels scarce may claim
The transient mention of a dubious name !
When Fame's loud trump hath blown it's noblest
blast,
Though long the sound the echo sleeps at last, 940
And Glory, like the Phœnix midst her fires,
Exhales her odours, blazes, and expires.

Shall hoary Granta call her sable sons
Expert in science, more expert at puns ?

* «Tollere humo, victorque virum volitare per ora.»

VIRGIL.

Shall these approach the Muse? ah no! she flies,
 And even spurns the great Seatonian prize,
 Though Printers condescend the press to soil
 With rhyme by HOARE, and epic blank by HOYLE:
 Not him whose page, if still upheld by whist,
 Requires no sacred theme to bid us list*. 950
 Ye! who in Granta's honours would surpass
 Must mount her Pegasus, a full-grown ass;
 A foal well worthy of her ancient dam,
 Whose Helicon is duller than her Cam.

There CLARKE, still striving piteously «to please,»
 Forgetting doggrel leads not to degrees,
 A would-be satirist, a hired buffoon,
 A monthly scribbler of some low Lampoon,
 Condemned to drudge, the meanest of the mean,
 And furbish falsehoods for a magazine, 960
 Devotes to scandal his congenial mind;
 Himself a living libel on mankind. †

* The «Games of Hoyle,» well known to the votaries of Whist, Chess, etc. are not to be superseded by the vagaries of his poetical namesake, whose poem comprised, as expressly stated in the advertisement, all the «Plagues of Egypt.»

† This person who has lately betrayed the most rapid symptoms of confirmed authorship, is writer of a poem de-

Oh dark asylum of a Vandal race*!
 At once the boast of learning, and disgrace;
 So sunk in dullness and so lost in shame
 That SMYTHE and HODGSON † scarce redeem thy
 fame!

But where fair Isis rolls her purer wave,
 The partial Muse delighted loves to lave,
 On her green banks a greener wreath is wove,
 To crown the Bards that haunt her classic grove,
 Where RICHARDS wakes a genuine poet's fires, 97
 And modern Britons justly praise their Sires§.

nominated the « Art of Pleasing, » as « *Lucus a non lucendo,* » containing little pleasantry, and less poetry. He also acts as monthly stipendiary and collector of calumnies for the Satirist. If this unfortunate young man would exchange the magazines for the mathematics, and endeavour to take a decent degree in his university, it might eventually prove more serviceable than his present salary,

* «Into Cambridgeshire the Emperor Probus transported a considerable body of Vandals. »—Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, page 83, vol. 2. There is no reason to doubt the truth of this assertion, the breed is still in high perfection.

† This gentleman's name requires no praise; the man who in translation displays unquestionable genius, may well be expected to excel in original composition, of which it is to be hoped we shall soon see a splendid specimen.

§ The «Aboriginal Britons,» an excellent poem by RICHARDS.

For me, who thus unasked have dared to tell
My country what her sons should know too well,
Zeal for her honour bade me here engage
The host of idiots that infest her age.
No just applause her honoured name shall lose,
As first in freedom, dearest to the Muse.
Oh! would thy Bards but emulate thy fame,
And rise, more worthy, Albion, of thy name! 980
What Athens was in science, Rome in power,
What Tyre appeared in her meridian hour,
'Tis thine at once, fair Albion, to have been,
Earth's chief dictatress, Ocean's mighty queen:
But Rome decayed, and Athens strewed the plain,
And Tyre's proud piers lie shattered in the main
Like these thy strength may sink in ruin hurled,
And Britain fall, the bulwark of the World.
But let me cease, and dread Cassandra's fate,
With warning ever scoffed at, 'till too late; 990
To themes less lofty still my lay confine,
And urge thy Bards to gain a name like thine.

Then, hapless Britain! be thy rulers blest!
The senate's oracles, the people's jest!

Still hear thy motley orators dispense
 The flowers of rhetoric, though not of sense,
 While CANNING's colleagues hate him for his wit,
 And old dame PORTLAND* fills the place of PITT.

Yet once again adieu! ere this the sail
 That wafts me hence is shivering in the gale: 1000
 And Afric's coast and Calpe's** adverse height,
 And Stamboul's† minarets must greet my sight:
 Thence shall I stray through beauty's § native
 clime,
 Where Kaff. is clad in rocks, and crowned with
 snows sublime.

But should I back return, no lettered rage
 Shall drag my common-place book on the stage:
 Let vain VALENTIA () rival luckless CARR,
 And equal him whose work he sought to mar;

* «A friend of mine being asked why his Grace of P. was likened to an old woman? replied, «he supposed it was because he was past bearing.»

** Calpe is the ancient name of Gibraltar.

† Stamboul is the Turkish word for Constantinople.

§ Georgia, remarkable for the beauty of its inhabitants.

∴ Mount Caucasus.

() Lord VALENTIA (whose tremendous travels are forthcoming with due decorations, graphical, topographical, and

Let ABERDEEN and ELGIN* still pursue
 The shade of fame through regions of Virtu; 1010
 Waste useless thousands on their Phidian freaks,
 Mis-shapen monuments and maimed antiques;
 And make their grand saloons a general mart
 For all the mutilated blocks of art :
 Of Dardan tours let Dilettanti tell,
 I leave topography to classic GELL †;
 And, quite content, no more shall interpose
 To stun mankind with Poesy, or Prose.

Thus far I've held my undisturbed career,
 Prepared for rancour, steeled 'gainst selfish
 fear : 1020

typographical) deposed, on Sir JOHN CARR's unlucky suit, that DuBois's satire prevented his purchase of the «Stranger in Ireland.»—Oh fie, my Lord! has your Lordship no more feeling for a fellow-tourist? but «two of a trade,» they say, etc.

*Lord ELGIN would fain persuade us that all the figures, with and without noses, in his stone-shop, are the work of Phidias! «Credat Judæus!

† Mr. GELL's Topography of Troy and Ithaca cannot fail to ensure the approbation of every man possessed of classical taste, as well for the information Mr. G. conveys to the mind of the reader, as for the ability and research the respective works display.

This thing of rhyme I ne'er disdained to own—
Though not obtrusive, yet not quite unknown,
My voice was heard again, though not so loud,
My page, though nameless, never disavowed,
And now at once I tear the veil away :
Cheer on the pack ! the Quarry stands at bay,
Unscar'd by all the din of MELBOURNE house,
By LAMBE's resentment, or by HOLLAND's spouse,
By JEFFREY's harmless pistol, HALLAM's rage,
EDINA's brawny sons and brimstone page. 1030
Our men in Buckram shall have blows enough,
And feel, they too are " penetrable stuff : "
And though I hope not hence unscathed to go,
Who conquers me, shall find a stubborn foe.
The time hath been, when no harsh sound would
fall

From lips that now may seem imbued with gall,
Nor fools nor follies tempt me to despise
The meanest thing that crawled beneath my eyes;
But now, so callous grown, so changed since youth,
I've learned to think, and sternly speak the
truth; 1040
Learned to deride the critic's starch decree,
And break him on the wheel he meant for me;

To spurn the rod a scribbler bids me kiss,
Nor care if courts and crowds applaud or hiss :
Nay more, though all my rival rhymesters frown,
I too can hunt a Poetaster down;
And, armed in proof, the gauntlet cast at once
To Scotch marauder, and to Southern dunce.
Thus much I've dared to do; how far my lay
Hath wronged these righteous times let others
say; 1050

This, let the world, which knows not how to spare,
Yet rarely blames unjustly, now declare.

POSTSCRIPT.*

I have been informed, since the present edition went to the Press, that my trusty and well beloved cousins, the Edinburgh Reviewers, are preparing a most vehement critique on my poor, gentle, *unresisting* Muse whom they have already so bedeviled with their ungodly ribaldry :

« Tantæne animis cœlestibus Iræ ! »

I suppose I must say of JEFFREY as Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK saith, « an I had known he was so cunning of fence, « I had seen him damned ere I had fought him. » What a pity it is that I shall be beyond the Bosphorus, before the next number has passed the Tweed. But I yet hope to light my pipe with it in Persia.

My Northern friends have accused me, with justice, of personality towards their great literary Anthropophagus, JEFFREY ; but what else was to be done with him and his dirty pack, who feed « by lying and slandering, » and slake their thirst by « evil-speaking ? I have adduced facts already well known, and of Jeffrey's mind I have stated my free opinion, nor has he thence sustained any injury ;—what sca-

* Published to the Second Edition.

vengeance was ever soiled by being pelted with mud? It may be said that I quit England because I have censured there, « persons of honour and wit about town », but I am coming back again, and their vengeance will keep hot till my return. Those who know me can testify that my motives for leaving England are very different from fears, literary or personal; those who do not, may one day be convinced. Since the publication of this thing, my name has not been concealed; I have been mostly in London, ready to answer for my transgressions, and in daily expectation of sundry cartels; but, alas! « The age of chivalry is over, » or, in the vulgar tongue, there is no spirit now-a-days.

There is a youth yeilded Hewson Clarke, (subaudi, Esq.) a Sizer of Emanuel College, and I believe a Denizen of Berwick upon Tweed, whom I have introduced in these pages to much better company than he has been accustomed to meet: he is, notwithstanding, a very sad dog, and for no reason that I can discover, except a personal quarrel with a bear, kept by me at Cambridge to sit for a fellowship, and whom the jealousy of his Trinity contemporaries prevented from success, has been abusing me, and, what is worse, the defenceless innocent above mentioned, in the Satirist for one year and some months. I am utterly unconscions of having given him any provocation; indeed I am guiltless of having heard his name, till it was coupled with the Satirist. He has therefore no reason to complain, and I dare say that, like Sir Fretful Plagiary, he is rather *pleased* than otherwise. I have now mentioned all who have done me the honour to notice me and mine, that is, my Bear and my Book, except the Editor of the Satirist, who, it seems, is a gentleman, God wot! I wish he could impart a little of his

gentility to his subordinate scribblers. I hear that Mr. JERNINGHAM is about to take up the cudgels for his Mæcenæ, Lord Carlisle; I hope not: he was one of the few, who, in the very short intercourse I had with him, treated me with kindness when a boy, and whatever he may say or do, «pour on, I will endure.» I have nothing further to add, save a general note of thanksgiving to readers, purchasers, and publisher, and in the words of SCOTT, I wish

«To all and each a fair good night,

«And rosy dreams and slumbers light.»

ODE.

On, shame to thee, Land of the Gaul !

Oh, shame to thy children and thee !

Unwise in thy glory, and base in thy fall,

How wretched thy portion shall be !

Derision shall strike thee forlorn,

A mockery that never shall die ;

The curses of Hate, and the hisses of Scorn

Shall burthen the winds of thy sky ;

And, proud o'er thy ruin, for ever be hurl'd

The laughter of Triumph, the jeers of the World !

Oh, where is thy spirit of yore,

The spirit that breathed in thy dead,

When gallantry's star was the beacon before,

And honour the passion that led ?

Thy storms have awaken'd their sleep,

They groan from the place of their rest,

And wrathfully murmur; and sullenly weep,

To see the foul stain on thy breast ;

For where is the glory they left thee in trust?
'Tis scatter'd in darkness, 'tis trampled in dust!

Go, look through the kingdoms of earth,
From Indus, all round to the Pole,
And something of goodness, of honour, and worth,
Shall brighten the sins of the soul:
But thou art *alone* in thy shame,
The world cannot liken thee there;
Abhorrence and vice have disfigur'd thy name
Beyond the low reach of compare;
Stupendous in guilt, thou shalt lend us through time
A proverb, a bye-word, for treach'ry and crime!

While conquest illumin'd his sword,
While yet in his prowess he stood,
Thy praises still follow'd the steps of thy Lord,
And welcom'd the torrent of blood;
Tho' tyranny sat on his crown,
And wither'd the nations afar,
Yet bright in thy view was that Despot's renown,
Till Fortune deserted his car;
Then, back from the Chieftain thou slunkest away
The foremost to insult, the first to betray!

Forgot were the feats he had done,
The toils he had borne in thy cause;
Thou turned'st to worship a new rising sun,
And waft other songs of applause;
But the storm was beginning to lour,
Adversity clouded his beam;
And honour and faith were the brag of an hour,
And loyalty's self but a dream:—
To him thou hadst banish'd thy vows were
restor'd;
And the first that had scoff'd, were the first that
ador'd!

What tumult thus burthens the i;
What throng thus encircles his throne?
'Tis the shout of delight, 'tis the millions that swear
His sceptre shall rule them alone.
Reverses shall brighten their zeal,
Misfortune shall hallow his name,
And the world that pursues him shall mournfully feel
How quenchless the spirit and flame
That Frenchmen will breathe, when their hearts
are on fire,
For the Hero they love, and the Chief they admire!

Their hero has rushed to the field ;
His laurels are cover'd with shade—
But where is the spirit that never should yield,
The loyalty never to fade !
In a moment desertion and guile
Abandon'd him up to the foe ;
The dastards that flourish'd and grew in his smile,
Forsook and renounced him in woe ;
And the millions that swore they would perish to
save,
Beheld him a fugitive, captive, and slave !

The Savage all wild in his glen
Is nobler and better than thou ;
Thou standest a wonder, a marvel to men,
Such perfidy blackens thy brow !
If thou wert the place of my birth,
At once from thy arms would I sever ;
I'd fly to the uttermost parts of the earth,
And quit thee for ever and ever ;
And thinking of thee in my long after-years,
Should but kindle my blushes and waken my tears.

Oh, shame to thee, Land of the Gaul !
Oh, shame to thy children and thee !

Unwise in thy glory and base in thy fall,
 How wretched thy portion shall be !
 Derision shall strike thee forlorn ,
 A mockery that never shall die ;
 The curses of Hate and the hisses of Scorn
 Shall burthen the winds of thy sky ;
 And proud o'er thy ruin for ever be hurl'd
 The laughter of Triumph, the jeers of the World !

WINDSOR POETICS.

Lines, composed on the occasion of H. R. H. the Prince Regent
 being seen standing betwixt the coffins of Henry 8th and
 Charles 1st, in the Royal vault at Windsor.

FAMED for contemptuous breach of sacred ties,
 By headless Charles, see heartless Henry lies ;
 Between them stands another Sceptered thing,
 It moves, it reigns, in all but name—a King :
 Charles to his People, Henry to his Wife,
 —In him the double Tyrant starts to Life :
 Justice and Death have mixed their dust in vain,
 Each Royal Vampyre wakes to life again ;
 Ah! what can tombs avail—since these disgorge
 The blood and dust of both—to mould a G...ge.

1813.

6.

SKETCH FROM PRIVATE LIFE.

« Honest—Honest Iago!

« If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee »

SHAKESPEARE.

Born in the garret, in the kitchen bred,
Promoted thence to deck her mistress' head;
Next—for some gracious service unexpressed,
And from its wages only to be guess'd—
Rais'd from the toilet to the table,—where
Her wondering betters wait behind her chair,
With eye unmoved, and forehead unabash'd,
She dines from off the plate she lately wash'd.
Quick with the tale, and ready with the lie—
The genial confidante, and general spy—
Who could, ye gods! her next employment guess—
An only infant's earliest governess!
She taught the child to read, and taught so well,
That she herself, by teaching, learn'd to spell.
An adept next in penmanship she grows,
As many a nameless slander deftly shows:
What she had made the pupil of her art,
None know—but that high Soul secured the heart,

And panted for the truth it could not hear,
With longing breast and undeluded ear.

Foiled was perversion by that youthful mind,
Which Flattery fool'd not—Baseness could not
blind,
Deceit infect not—nor Contagion soil—
Indulgence weaken—nor Example spoil—
Nor master'd Science tempt her to look down
On humbler talents with a pitying frown—
Nor Genius swell—nor Beauty render vain—
Nor Envy ruffle to retaliate pain—
Nor Fortune change—Pride raise—nor Passion bow ,
Nor Virtue teach austerity—till now.
Serenely purest of her sex that live,
But wanting one sweet weakness—to forgive ;
Too shock'd at faults her soul can never know,
She deems that all could be like her below :
Foe to all Vice, yet hardly Virtue's friend,
For Virtue pardons those she would amend.

But to the theme :—now laid aside too long,
The baleful burthen of this honest song—
Though all her former functions are no more,
She rules the circle which she served before.

If mothers—none know why—before her quake ;
If daughters dread her for the mother's sake ;
If early habits—those false links, which bind
At times the loftiest to the meanest mind—
Have given her power too deeply to instil
The angry essence of her deadly will ;
If, like a snake, she steal within your walls,
Till the black slime betray her as she crawls ;
If, like a viper, to the heart she wind,
And leave the venom there she did not find ;
What marvel that this hag of hatred works
Eternal evil latent as she lurks,
To make a Pandemonium where she dwells,
And reign the Hecate of domestic hells ?

Skill'd by a touch to deepen scandal's tints
With all the kind mendacity of hints,
While mingling truth with falsehood—sneers with
smiles—

A thread of candour with a web of wiles ;
A plain blunt show of briefly-spoken seeming,
To hide her bloodless heart's soul-harden'd scheming,
A lip of lies—a face formed to conceal ;
And, without feeling, mock at all who feel :

With a vile mask the Gorgon would disown ;
A cheek of parchment—and an eye of stone.
Mark, how the channels of her yellow blood
Ooze to her skin, and stagnate there to mud,
Cased like the centipede in saffron mail,
Or darker greenness of the scorpion's scale—
(For drawn from reptiles only may we trace
Congenial colours in that soul or face)—
Look on her features! and behold her mind
As in a mirror of itself defined :
Look on the picture! deem it not o'ercharged—
There is no trait which might not be enlarged;—
Yet true to « Nature's journeymen, » who made
This monster when their mistress left off trade,—
This female dog-star of her little sky,
Where all beneath her influence droop or die.

Oh! wretch without a tear—without a thought,
Save joy above the ruin thou hast wrought—
The time shall come, nor long remote, when thou
Shalt feel far more than thou inflictest now ;
Feel for thy vile self-loving self in vain,
And turn thee howling in unpitied pain.

May the strong curse of crush'd affections light
Back on thy bosom with reflected blight !
And make thee in thy leprosy of mind
As loathsome to thyself as to mankind !
Till all thy self-thoughts curdle into hate,
Black—as thy will for others would create :
Till thy hard heart be calcined into dust,
And thy soul welter in its hideous crust.
Oh, may thy grave be sleepless as the bed,—
The widow'd couch of fire, that thou hast spread !
Then, when thou fain would'st weary Heaven with
prayer,
Look on thine earthly victims—and despair !
Down to the dust !—and, as thou rott'st away,
Even worms shall perish on thy poisonous clay.
But for the love I bore, and still must bear,
To her thy malice from all ties would tear—
Thy name—thy human name—to every eye
The climax of all scorn should hang on high,
Exalted o'er thy less abhorred compeers—
And festering in the infamy of years.

MARCH 30, 1816.

END OF VOL. VI.

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IN

SIX VOLUMES.



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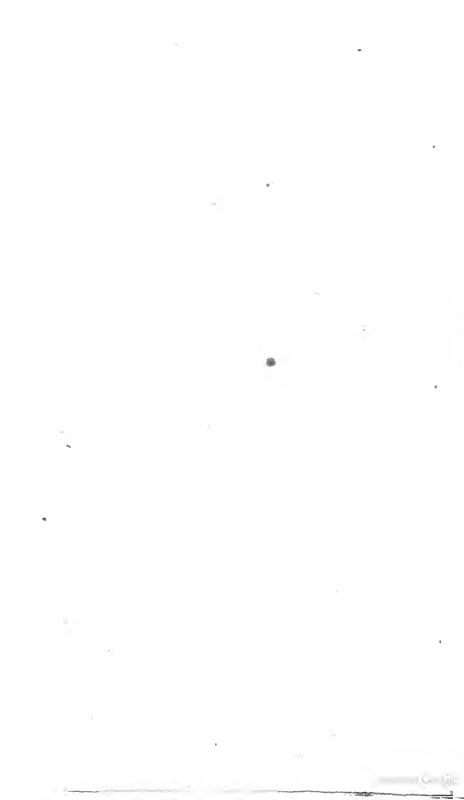
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